

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER



DICK COLE

BLUE BOLT

10c

BLUE BOLT



Vol. 5 No. 1

MILT HAMMER



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BLUE BOLT FLASHES

The Editors Write:

Dear Readers:

Many BLUE BOLT readers are working on farms this summer, where they are helping our country tremendously. Others have their own vegetable gardens, or give real assistance with the gardens of their parents.

Every lick of work on a farm or in a garden contributes to Victory, and helps to build a stronger America.

When a speedy shortstop snags a hard grounder and stops a flashy double play on the baseball diamond, the folks in the stands all cheer and yell. After the game, that same shortstop may go home and pull weeds, spray the bean plants, and pick tomatoes. No crowds stand beside the garden fence to cheer—but, honestly, he deserves cheers just as much for garden work as for brilliant ball handling.

Do you have a chance to assist on a farm this summer? If so, jump at the chance. It's terrifically important work.

Judging from the letters coming in, our readers need no reminders to keep up with their conservation work—saving waste paper, tin cans, and taking to the butcher the kitchen fats mother saves.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is a rule that applies even in war time, though, so have fun this summer along with the very helpful work you do. We are all glad to see boys and girls enjoy their games and fun, especially when they go about both work and play in a wholehearted manner like that shortstop who plays "heads-up" baseball on the field and still does a real job in the garden.

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I read BLUE BOLT COMICS quite often and enjoy them always. I like all the stories in BLUE BOLT COMICS including Krisko and Jasper (believe it or not), but they should have more brains, and still should be funny. They should stay on the high seas and small South Sea islands rather than on civilized land.

And don't put any girls in the book or you'll wreck it, and if the girls don't like it, it's tough.

Sincerely,
Paul Thompson
San Jose, Calif.

Looks as if we'll really have to let Krisko and Jasper become a little smarter. Do you think they'll still be as funny if they do? And, Paul, aren't you treating the likes of our girl readers a little bit rough?

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have been reading BLUE BOLT COMICS for more than three years and it is my favorite book.

In the May edition on the Editor's Page you said that you wanted the truth about the book. I really have nothing to criticize your book about except on Krisko and Jasper. As one of the readers, Angelo Pastorno, said: "All books need some humor." I agree with Angelo but Krisko and Jasper are too dull and should be more interesting.

My favorite features are Dick Cole and Fearless Fellers. I also enjoy Sergeant Spook very much because of his friend Jerry. I enjoy Edison Bell very much because the stories tell about young Americans and what they do. I have worked out many of Eddy Bell's inventions. Blue Bolts and Nuts and other short features are excellent. These laughs make your book much better. I wish you would publish 4-MOST more often. It is a wonderful comic book.

Respectfully yours,
Marvin Shapiro
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Letters like yours are appreciated, Marvin, because you tell both what you like and WHY you like it. Krisko and Jasper really are a little silly sometimes. It may surprise you, but many readers like them just as they are.

* * *

Dear Editors:

Hope I'm not infringing, because you see I am not a kid! Our family reads BLUE BOLT regularly, and needless to say find it a health and happy habit.

I need no coaxing to read it to my little fellow, whose first preference is Edison Bell; second, Fearless Fellers; third, Blue Bolt. With each issue the number of his "choices" increases.

Keep up the good work. Little and big folks really like BLUE BOLT COMICS.

Mrs. David Hedges
Danbury, Conn.

How pleasant it is to receive this letter from a mother who appreciates the work we have done to make BLUE BOLT an interesting comic for readers of all ages!

* * *

Herr Editors:

Mit dis book I haf nefer laffed so much. If der Fuehrer could read it he would laff mitt his heart out (if he ein heart had). Der best part of dis book iss vare der jokes come in at. Not disloyal but der book iss goot in every part, except for der Blue Bolt. He is what I call a "moron." My brother iss in der army und vehn der chermans meet mitt him dey vill be sorry mitt der life.

I collect paper for der var effort und do a pretty goot job off it. Until der japs und chermans are licked.

Yours in fun,
Victor Miller
Chicago, Illinois

We THINK we get what you mean, Victor!

* * *

Dear Editors:

I am going to tell you how I came to like BLUE BOLT.

I had been sick for a week and got so tired of staying in bed doing nothing, that I just had to read something. When daddy went to town he got me some funny books and, of course, one was BLUE BOLT. I read it and liked it very much.

My favorite characters are Dick Cole, Fearless Fellers, Edison Bell, Sergeant Spook, and I like Sniffy for the funny part.

I buy 25c War Stamps every time I can. There are five in my family and we buy a Bond every payday to help Uncle Sam.

Yours truly,
Helen Chamberlain
Pampa, Texas

We are sorry you were sick, Helen, but are glad you made the acquaintance of BLUE BOLT.

Address Your Mail to BLUE BOLT COMICS, 111 West 19th Street, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

DICK COLE

WONDER

BOY-

JIM WILSON

EVERY YEAR, FARR
M.A. AND HOLDEN

M.A. MEET FOR THREE-DAY
MANOEUVRES. THE WINNER
OF THE CONTEST IS AWARD-
ED A TROPHY-A SILVER
SABRE. THE SCHOOL THAT
FIRST WINS *THREE* SILVER
SABRES *IN SUCCESSION* IS
AWARDED THE **GRAND**
TROPHY-A GOLD SABRE.
FARR WON LAST YEAR AND
IS OUT TO MAKE IT TWO IN
A ROW... IT IS STUDY HOUR
AT FARR. DICK COLE AND
SIMBA KARNO
ARE "BONING" FOR A MONTHLY
TEST.

IN JED JAXON'S ROOM.

I'M
GLAD I CAME TO FARR, JED!
IT'S PERFECT BUT FOR ONE
THING!... DICK COLE!!



SAY, DICK! NEXT WEEK,
MANOEUVRES? BOY!
IF YOU CAN JUST RE-
PEAT AND CAPTURE
THE KEY COMMAND
POST AGAIN!



YEAH,
THAT
WAS
LUCKY.
SIMBA.

LUCK? BRAIN
WORK! AND
WAS THAT
HOLDEN CAP-
TAIN BURNED
UP!



CAPTAIN-UH-
DALE JACKS,
AND- BUT WE
BETTER STUDY.

HE MAKES ME SICK! MR. I'M-
IT-BLOW-HARD-SIR-GALA-
HAD-COLE! BUT I'M OUT
TO YANK HIM FROM HIS
HIGH HORSE!



BARKLEY HALL! DON'T TRY
IT! YOU'LL BE SORRY... I
KNOW-I TRIED IT!



Editor and General Manager—ROBERT D. WHEELER

Associate Editor—JANE SPAULDING NYE

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NEXT DAY AT
DISMISSAL OF
CLASSES.

SCIENCE

GENTLEMEN: I TRUST YOU ARE PREPARED
FOR YOUR TEST TOMORROW. FAILURE
MEANS NO PARTICIPATION AGAINST
HOLDEN IN MANOEUVRES NEXT WEEK.
FARR NEEDS EVERY MAN!... DISMISSED!

LIT.

HISTORY

MATH.

LATIN

THE TEST IS OVER,
BRINGING JOY TO
THE MAJORITY—
DISAPPOINTMENT
TO THE FEW.
SATURDAY—AND
ORDERS ARE POST-
ED ON THE BULLETIN
BOARD. THE CADET
CORPS MOVES OUT
TO MEET HOLDEN
MONDAY MORNING.

BOY! THIS'LL
BE FUN!

MIND YOU DON'T
GET CAPTURED,
SLIP'RY!

SAY, EVERYBODY'S
PEPPED UP OVER
A SHAM FIGHT!
WHY?

YOU'LL BE SUR-
PRISED HOW IT
'GETS' YOU, BARK,
ONCE YOU'RE IN IT.

SATURDAY NIGHT IN
CENTERVIEW. BARKLEY
HALL IS OUT OF BOUNDS.

GUESS I'LL GO IN AND GET
A SANDWICH.

DWICH
BP

Boc!

?

WATCH OUT
WHO YOU
BUMP, YOU
TIN SOLDIER!

TOUGH, HUH? HA!
FARR! THINK YOU
ARE DICK COLE—
SAP??

TAKE THAT
BACK OR
I'LL SOCK
YOU!

A MIRACLE!
A FARR MAN WHO DOESN'T LIKE
COLE! WELL,
I DON'T
EITHER!

AND
JUST
WHO
ARE
YOU?

CADET COLONEL, DALE JACKS,
HOLDEN M.A.. LET'S GO INSIDE, MR.—
UH-ER?

CADET
BARKLEY
HALL.

HALL, WE BOTH HEARTILY DIS-
LIKE COLE. DO
YOU WANT TO
HELP CUT HIM
DOWN TO SIZE?

DO I! AND
HOW!....
BUT WHY ARE
YOU AFTER
DICK COLE?



LAST YEAR, COLE MADE A FOOL OF
ME. RESULT- TEN MILITARY DE-
MERITS, THE HORSE LAUGH FROM
THE CADETS, AND
\$50 I'D BET ON
HOLDEN TO
WIN. THIS
YEAR I GET
EVEN! NOW,
HERE'S MY
PLAN. YOU—



MONDAY MORNING AND
THE FARR CADET CORPS
DEPARTS EARLY. NOON,
AND IT IS ROLLING INTO
THE PASQUA HILLS.

WHO IS IN
COMMAND
OF HOLDEN
THIS YEAR,
SIMBA?

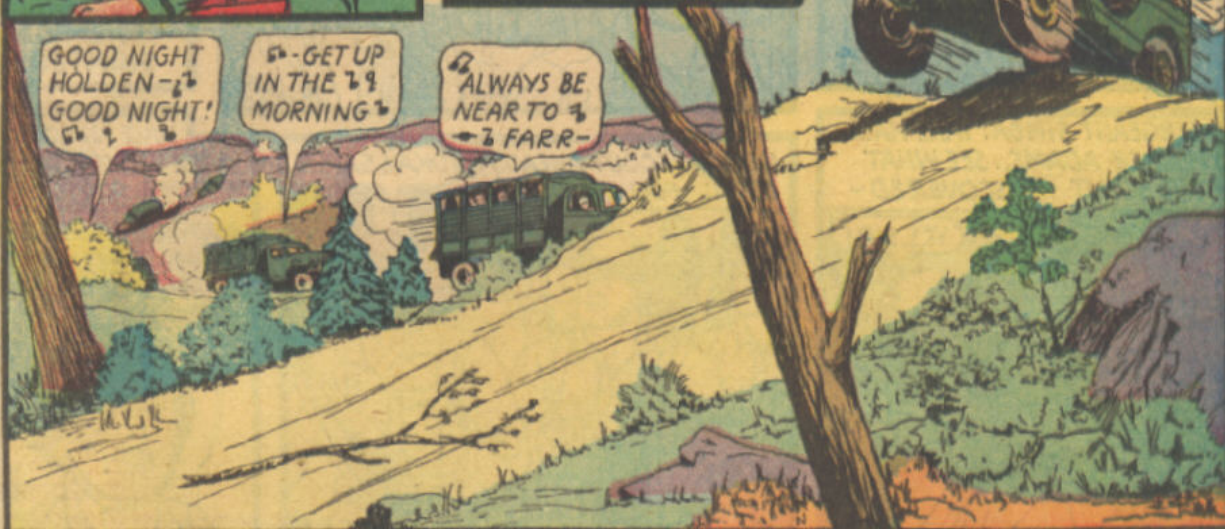
HA! AN OLD
FRIEND OF
YOURS, DICK.
DALE JACKS,
NOW CADET
COLONEL!



GOOD NIGHT
HOLDEN—
GOOD NIGHT!

GET UP
IN THE MORNING

ALWAYS BE
NEAR TO
FARR—



WELL, BARK, I
SUPPOSE COLE
WILL DO SOME-
THING HEROIC
AGAIN THIS
YEAR.

I GOT A HUNCH,
JED, HE... WON'T!

REAR



BOTH FORCES ARE
ON TIME. HOLDEN
TROOPS WEAR
THE OLD STYLE
HELMET. U.S.
ARMY OFFICERS
ARE TO ACT AS
UMPIRES.....
COLONEL HOLDEN,
MAJOR FARR AND
THE CHIEF
UMPIRE
CONFER
ON THE
RULES.

THEN—

WELL, MAJOR FARR,
THIS YEAR, HOLDEN
WINS.

WE'LL SEE,
COLONEL
HOLDEN.



THE HOLDEN FORCES DEPART.

NIGHT... AND TAPS,
SADLY BEAUTIFUL,
FLOATS OUT OVER
THE SLUMBERING
FARR CAMP AND
THE BROODING
HILLS.



AT
FARR G.H.Q.
NEXT MORNING,
CADET COLONEL
JONES GIVES
HIS ORDERS:—



CAPTAIN EVANS....
YOUR COMPANY WILL
OCCUPY HILL 9A.
CAPTAIN BRUZZI....
ADVANCE BY ROAD
9D TO WOODS H4.
SEND OUT A PATROL
AND CONTACT ENEMY.
CAPTAIN GREEN.....
PROCEED TO M2 AND—

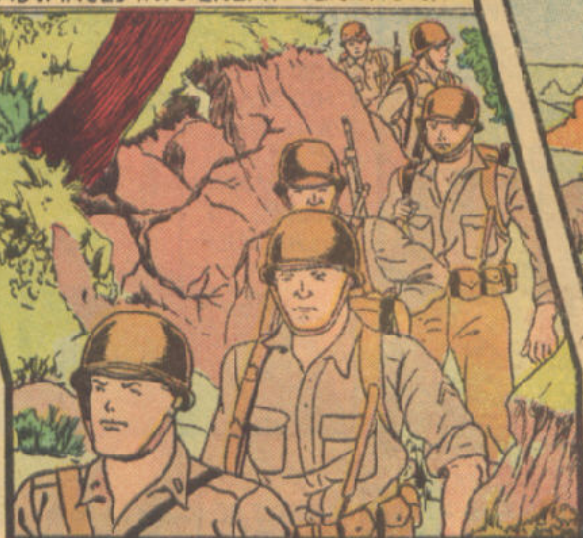
THE COMPANY, OF
CAPT. BRUZZI ARRIVES
AT B3.

LIEUTENANT
COLE, TAKE SERGEANT
SIMBA AND TWO SQUADS.
SCOUT NORTH, CONTACT
THE ENEMY, FIND OUT ALL
YOU CAN, FALL
BACK, AND
REPORT
HERE.

YES,
SIR.



DICK THROWS OUT SCOUTS, AND THE PATROL
ADVANCES INTO ENEMY TERRITORY.



AN HOUR PASS-
ES AND DICK'S
FIELD GLASS-
ES PICK UP A
SCOUT WHO
IS SIGNALING
- ENEMY
SIGHTED -

SERGEANT SIMBA! TAKE HALL,
HECKER, ADAMS.. SEE WHAT
THE SCOUT DISCOVERED -

YES, SIR!



HECKER, SCOUT AHEAD.
DETAIL - FOLLOW ME!

OKAY, SARGE.



HALF AN HOUR
LATER HECKER RE-
PORTS IN.

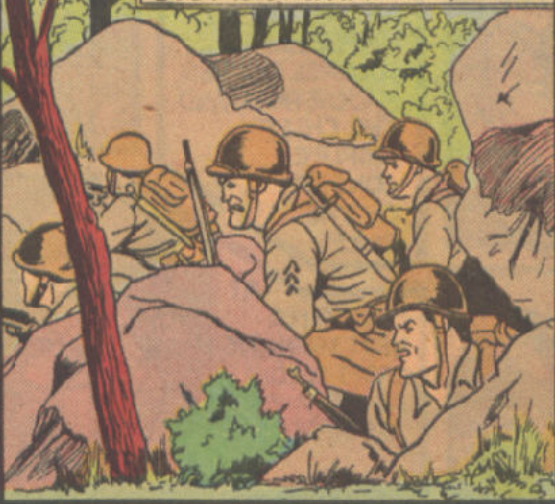
ADVANCE GUARD OF
ENEMY FORCE COMIN
UP THE ROAD!



INTO THOSE ROCKS
MEN AND KEEP DOWN!



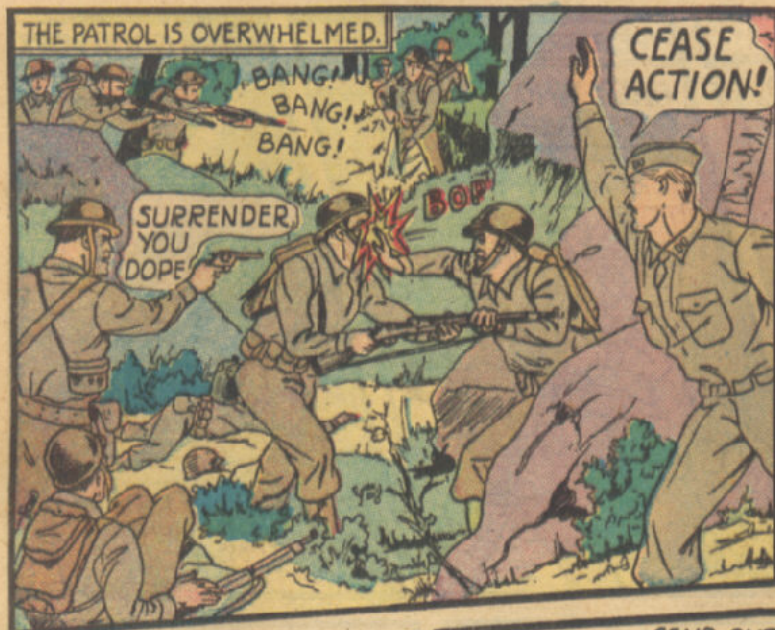
THE ADVANCE GUARD PASSES AND THE MAIN
BODY IS STREAMING BY, WHEN-



A-AH--CHO-O-O!
HA-AH-CHOO!
A-AH-



BARK HALL!
YOU-(ULP)-
FIRE!



JUST BEFORE DAWN THE NEXT DAY.

CORPORAL ZACK AND FOUR MEN STAY HERE FOR CONTACT. THE REST OF US WILL SLIP THROUGH THE ENEMY LINES. QUIET-AND, FOLLOW ME!



THE PATROL MAKES A MILE, THEN—

HALT! WHO GOES THERE!

HUH! A COW—



GOOD WORK, SLIP'RY!



MACK, TAKE THE PRISONER TO CORP'L ZACK. C'MON MEN, IT'S GETTING LIGHT.



YES, SIR

ANOTHER MILE, AND DICK RECONNOITRES
HA! TWO SUPPLY TRUCKS. I CAN USE 'EM.



MEN, TWO ENEMY TRUCKS ON THE ROAD. WE'LL SURPRISE 'EM. NO SHOOTING!... FOLLOW ME!

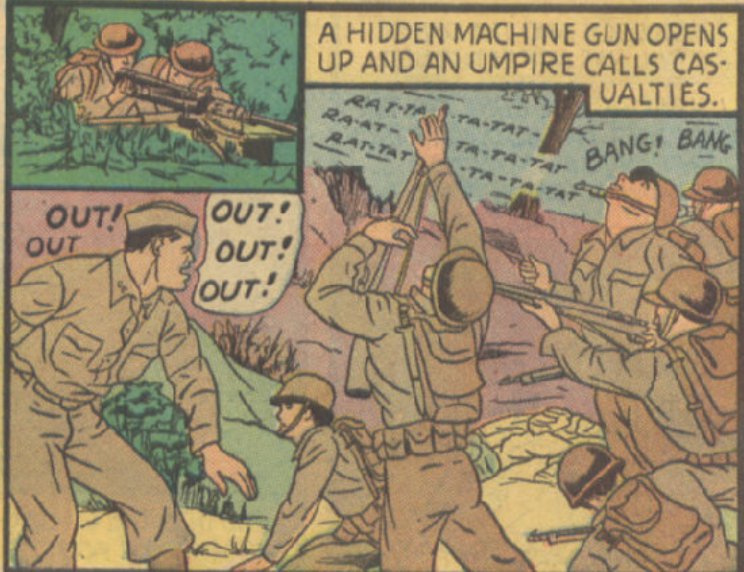


JUST AS THE PATROL SPRINGS TOWARD ITS UNSUSPECTING PREY—



BARK HALL STUMBLES, FALLS—

A HIDDEN MACHINE GUN OPENS UP AND AN UMPIRE CALLS CASUALTIES.



OUT! OUT!

OUT! OUT! OUT!

BANG! BANG!

RETREAT! WE'RE TRAPPED !!



DICK LEADS THE FOUR SURVIVORS ALONG THE EDGE OF A RAVINE..... SUDDENLY—

HOLDEN MEN CHARGE FROM THREE SIDES.

DON'T SHOOT! CAPTURE 'EM!



DICK AND SLIPRY FIGHT CLEAR, AND—



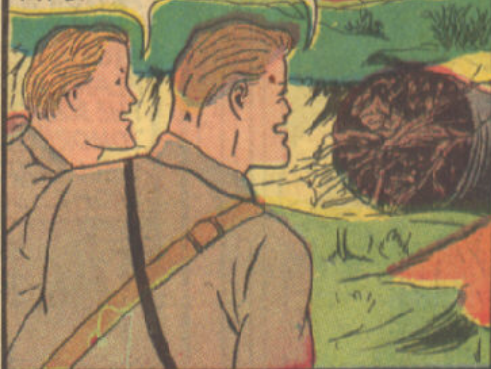
C'MON, SLIPRY, BEFORE THEY POT US FROM THE RIM!



THEY EMERGE FROM THE RAVINE—

LOOK, DICK, A CHOKED DRAINAGE PIPE!

O-KAY, LET'S GO!



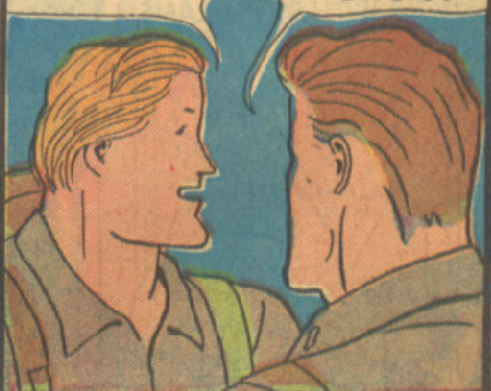
AT THE FIRST CHANCE, WE'LL SLIP OUT. I'LL CARRY OUT MY ORDERS OR BUST, SLIPRY!

I'M WITH YOU, DICK

IT IS LATE AFTERNOON BEFORE THE COAST SEEMS CLEAR. CRAMPED AND HUNGRY THEY LEAVE THEIR HIDING PLACE.

WHY IT'S LATE! TROOPS PASSIN' ALL DAY. WE MUST BE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HOLDEN ARMY!

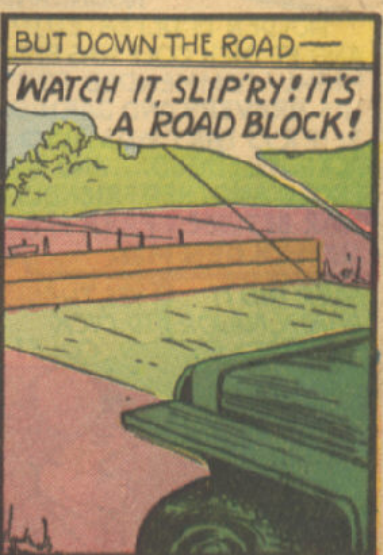
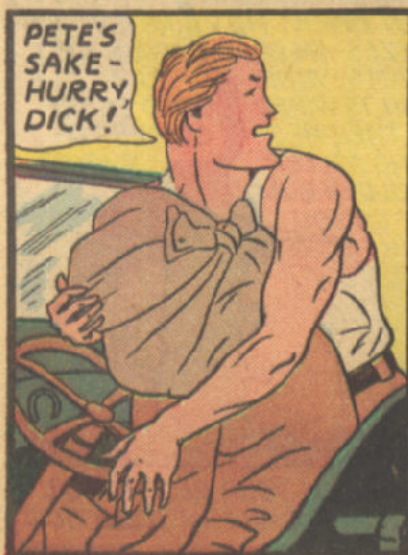
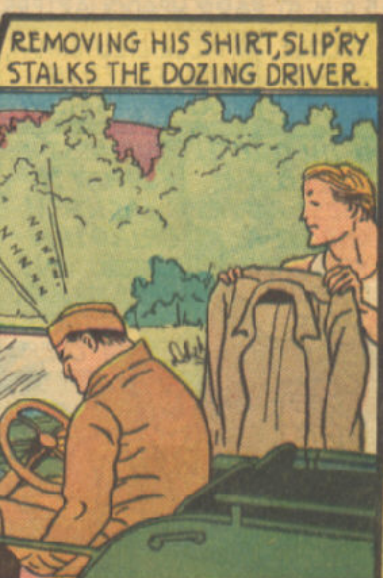
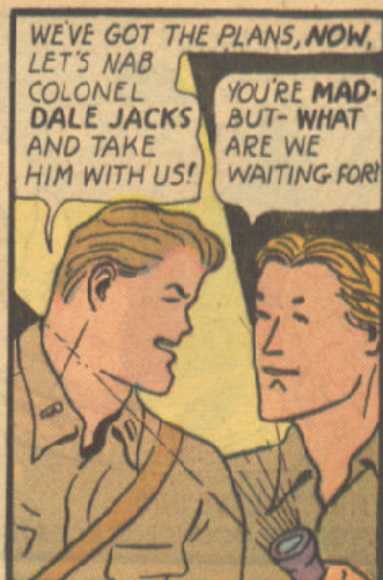
LOOKS LIKE IT. I'M STARVED! WE'LL KEEP UNDER COVER AND FIND A FARM HOUSE. LET'S GO—

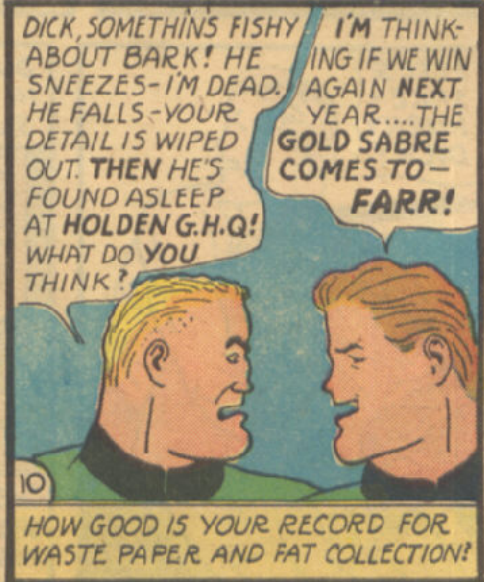
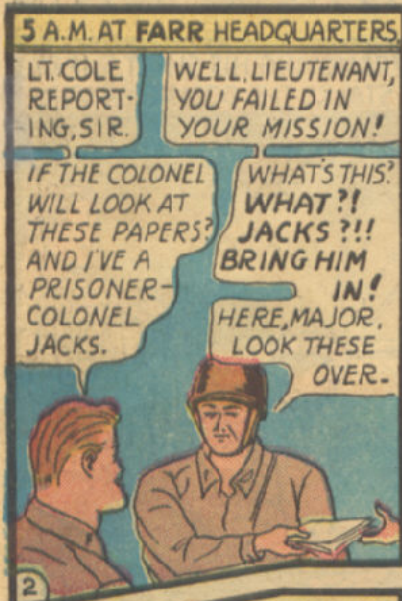
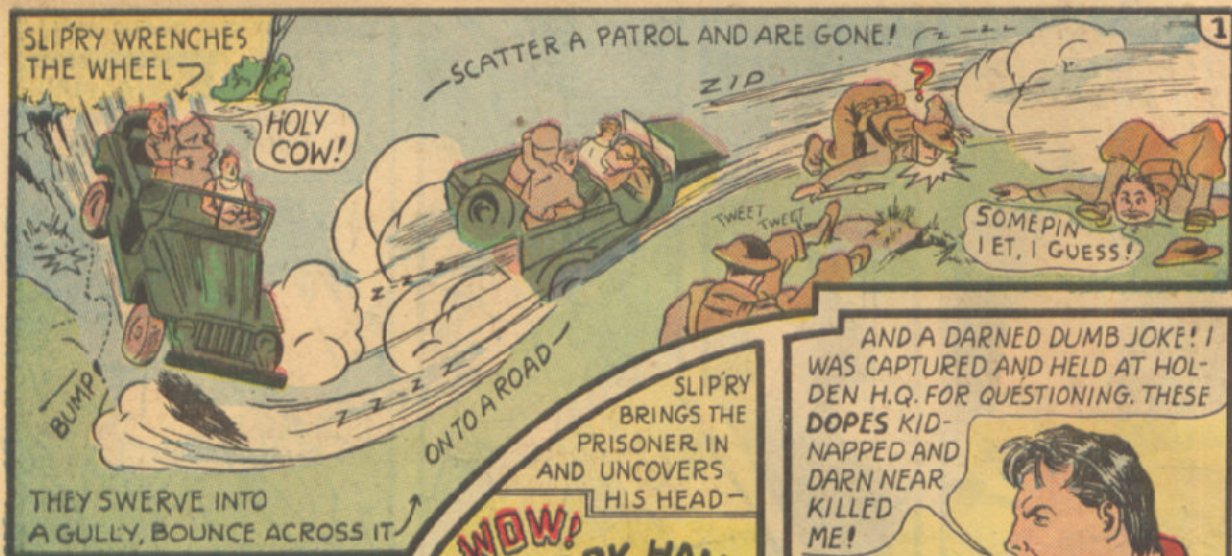


COVER IT WELL, SLIPRY.









FEARLESS FELLERS

GOSH, WE'VE SURE PILED UP THE SCRAP!

YEAH -- BUT HOW'RE WE GOING TO GET OUT?

THE FEARLESS FELLERS GO ALL OUT IN THEIR WEEKLY SCRAP COLLECTION DRIVE AND MANAGE TO INCLUDE A LITTLE GOOD WILL FOR GOOD MEASURE!

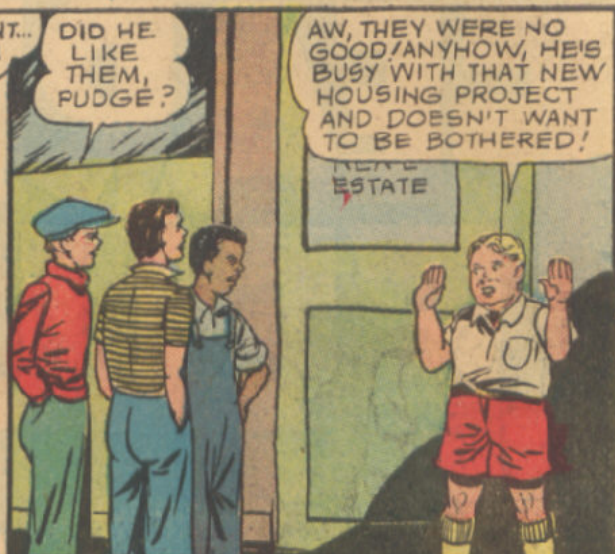
THIS REMINDS ME OF THE TIME AH PAINTED MYSELF INTO A CORNER!

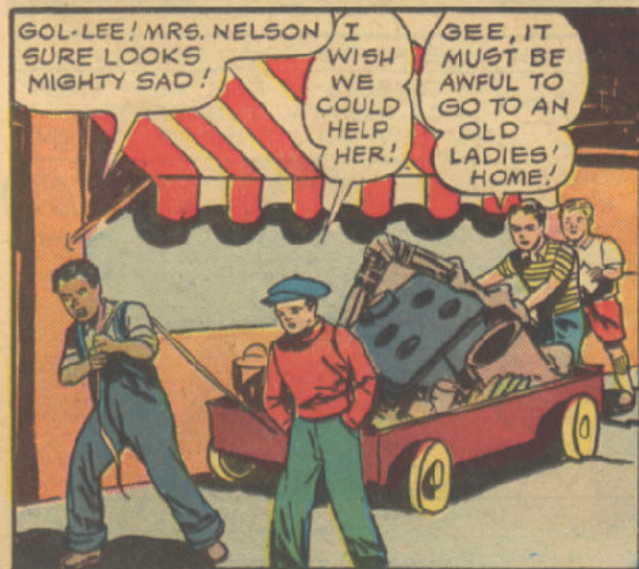
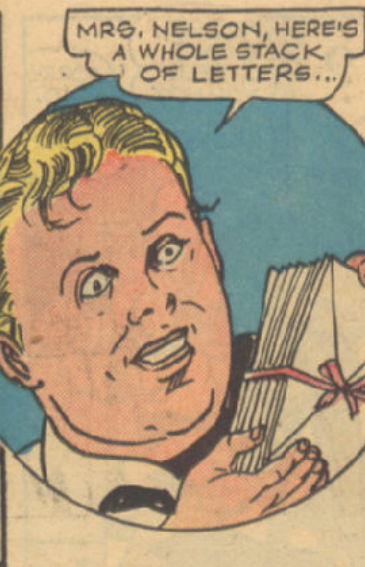
MR. CLAYTON, PUDGE'S DAD, IS HARD AT WORK IN HIS OFFICE WHEN --

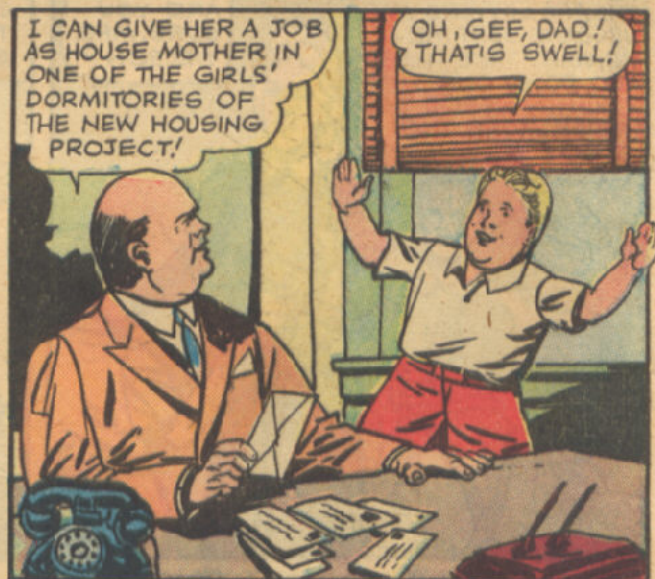
PROPERTY ESTIMATES, \$40,000... BUILDING ASSESSMENTS -- OH, COME IN!

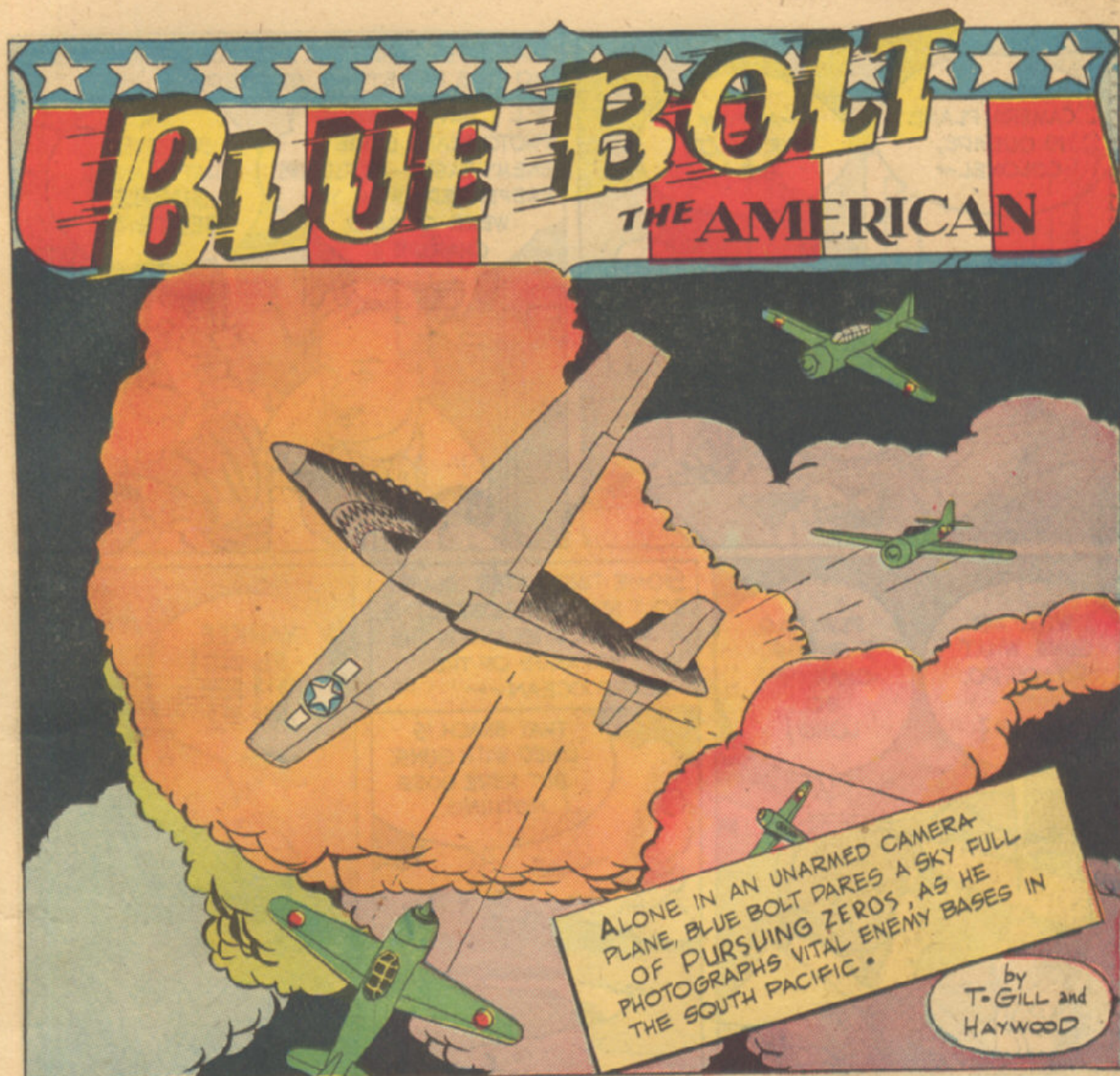
I'VE GOT SOME STAMPS FOR YOUR COLLECTION, POP!

STAMPS? OH, ALL RIGHT, LET'S SEE THEM!









ALONE IN AN UNARMED CAMERA PLANE, BLUE BOLT DARES A SKY FULL OF PURSUING ZEROS, AS HE PHOTOGRAPHS VITAL ENEMY BASES IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

by
T. GILL and
HAYWOOD

AT HIS BASE, BLUE BOLT WATCHES A PLANE COMING IN FOR A LANDING.

LOOKS LIKE
SOMETHING NEW
HAS BEEN ADDED--

THAT'S A
SMOOTH LOOKING
JOB, FELLA!

YOU
SAID IT--
SHE'S
STRIPPED FOR
SPEED--

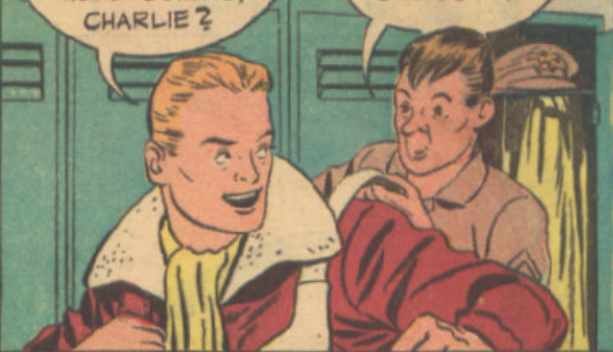
THIS SHIP HAS NO
GUNS. IT'S A CAMERA
PLANE, AND CAN
OUT-RUN ANYTHING
IN THE SKY.



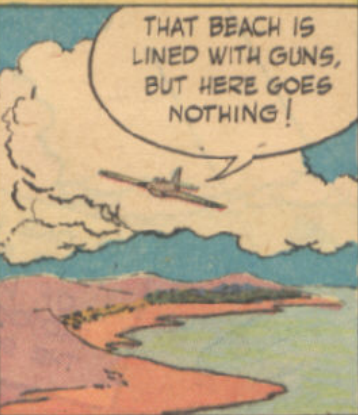
BLUE BOLT LANDS THE ASSIGNMENT, AND WASTES NO TIME IN GETTING STARTED--

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PHOTOGRAPH SOME ENEMY BASES--CLOSE-UPS PREFERRED--WISH YOU WERE COMING, CHARLIE?

I'M SATISFIED THAT PLANE'S A SINGLE-SEATER!

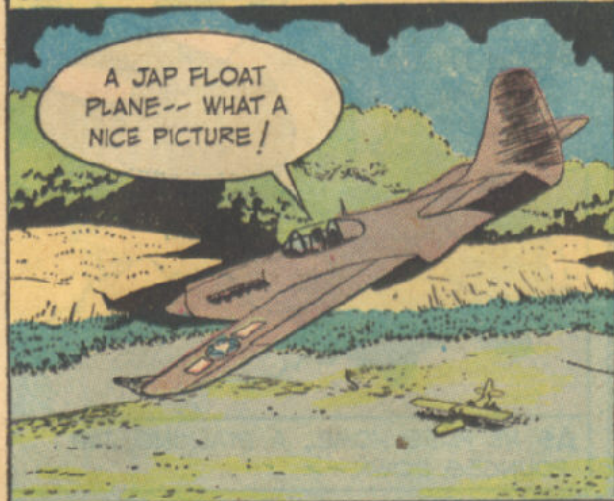


SOME TIME LATER, BLUE BOLT NEARS HIS OBJECTIVE, A JAP-HELD ISLAND IN THE VAST EXPANSE OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN--



WITH CAMERA GRINDING, BLUE BOLT ROARS OVER THEIR HEADS--

BUZZING OFF UNHARMED, BLUE BOLT SEES
ANOTHER SUBJECT FOR HIS LENS--



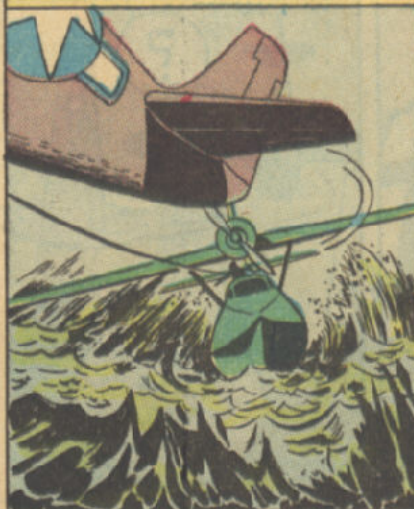
MY/ HE DOESN'T
LIKE TO POSE!



--SO YOU WANT
TO PLAY **ROUGH**,
EH? ME, TOO!



FLASHING OVER THE JAP FLOAT
PLANE AT BLAZING SPEED--

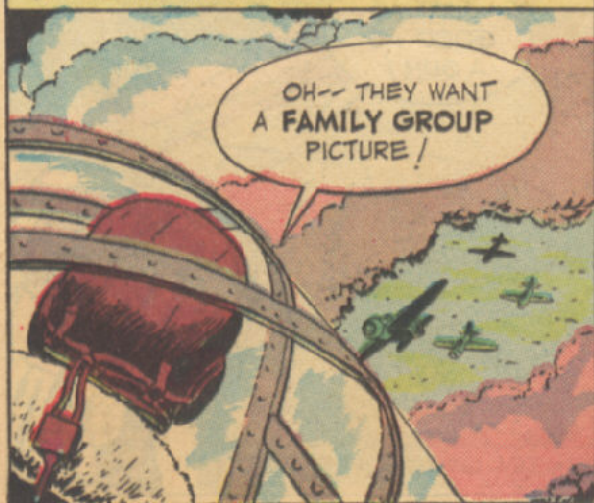


--BLUE BOLT'S WASH
UPSETS IT!



BUT A SQUADRON OF ZEROS HAS TAKEN
OFF IN THE MEANTIME--

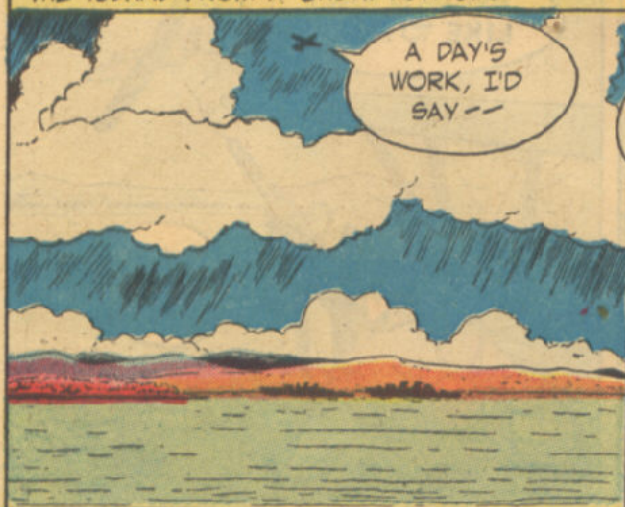
OH-- THEY WANT
A **FAMILY GROUP**
PICTURE!



SHOW
THEM YOUR
HEELS!



CIRCLING BACK, BLUE BOLT PHOTOGRAPHS THE ISLAND FROM A GREAT ALTITUDE --



A DAY'S
WORK, I'D
SAY --

GOTTA
GET BACK
WITH MY
FILMS --

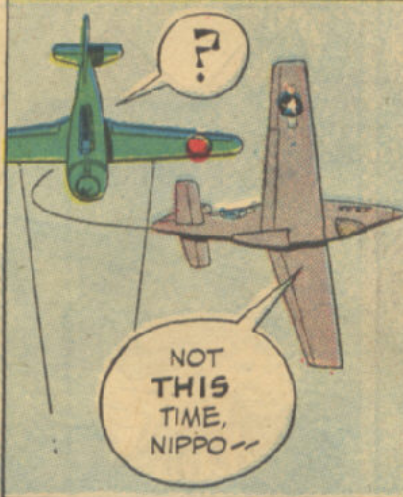


AS HE FLIES HOME, A STALKING JAP
POUNCES DOWN --

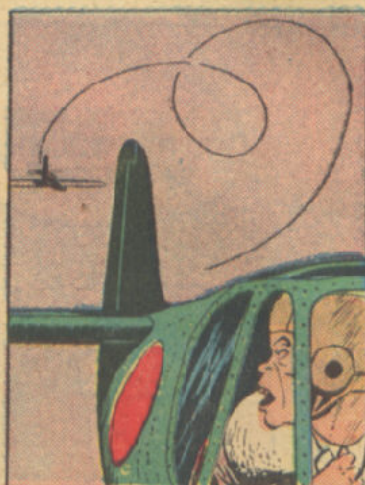
OH!
OH!



WHEELING JUST IN TIME,
BLUE BOLT ESCAPES --

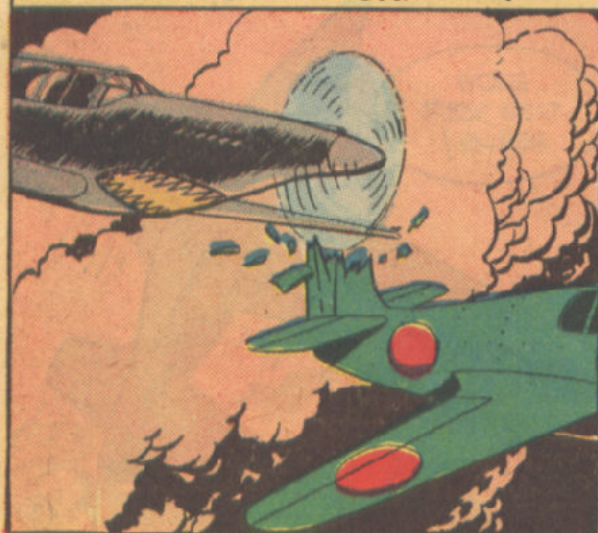


NOT
THIS
TIME,
NIPPO --



AFTER FURIOUS CIRCLING,
THE FASTER PLANE HOLDS
THE ADVANTAGE AND --

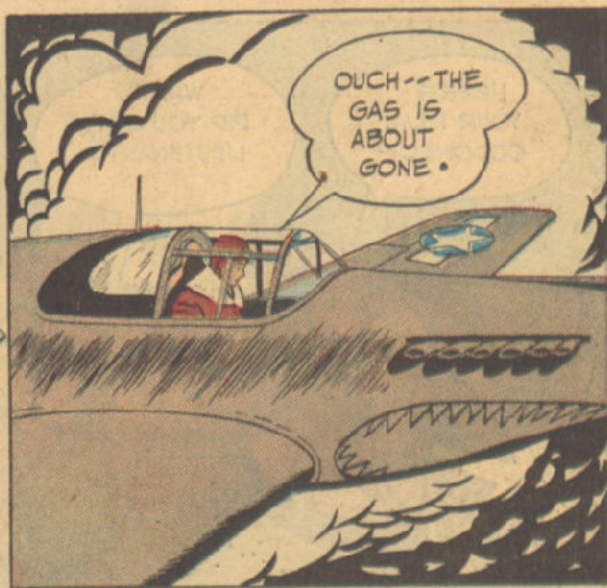
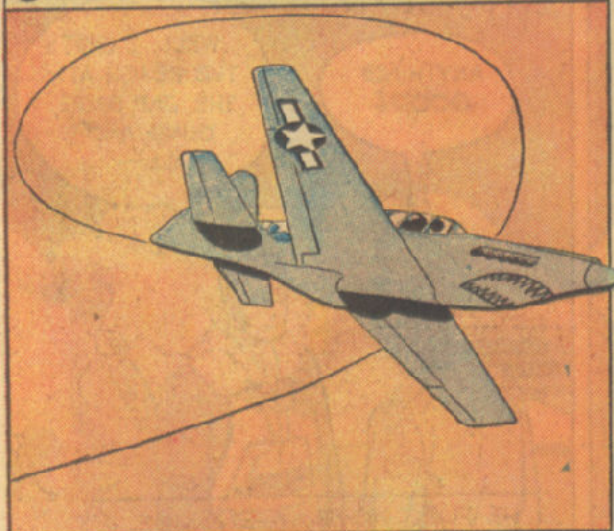
--THE TOOTHLESS DOG CAN BITE!



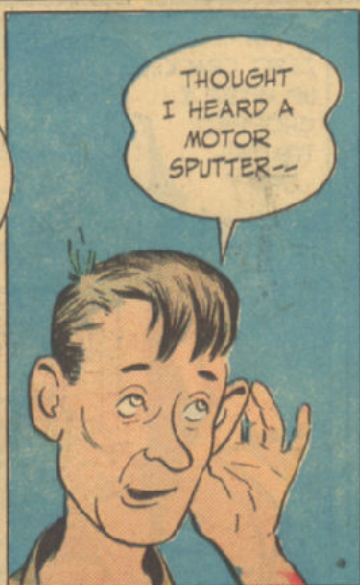
JUST AS
GOOD AS
A GUN!



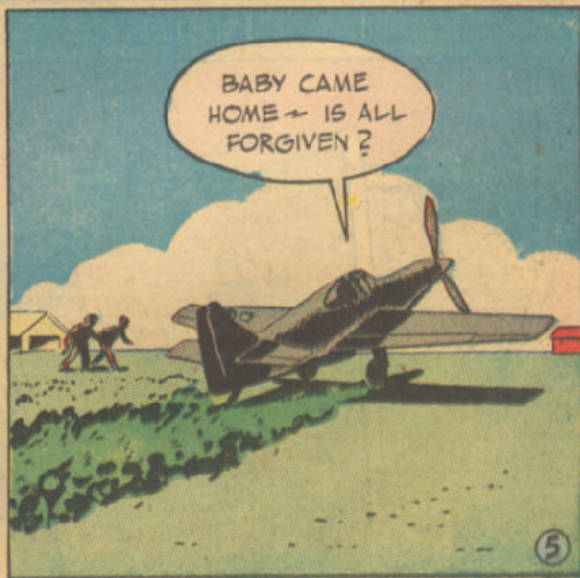
SAFE AGAIN, BLUE BOLT TURNS FOR HOME--



AT THE BASE, CHARLIE IS ANXIOUS AS NIGHT FALLS--



IT'S BLUE BOLT, ON HIS LAST DROP OF FUEL--





OLD CAP HAWKINS' TRUE TALES



A U.S. PLANE MARKED NO. 98 STREAKS THROUGH THE AIR, BLASTING THE ENEMY OUT OF THE SKY. IN IT, JOEY, IS LT. TOMMY HARMON, ONCE FAMOUS ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL STAR, NOW CONTINUING HIS THRILL-PACKED LIFE AS AN ACE OF THE AIR....



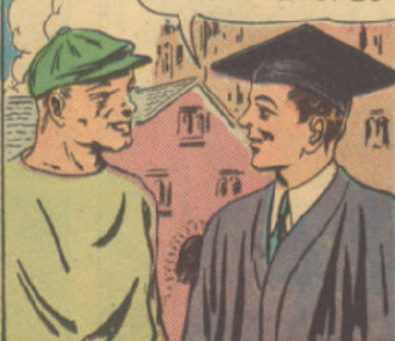
IN 1939.....



YOUNG HARMON GRADUATED IN JUNE, 41

IT'S BEEN GREAT HAVING YOU HERE, TOMMY...NOW WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS?

TO GET A JOB COACH...I'VE HAD MANY OFFERS. BUT...



MY UNCLE'S CALLING.

GOOD FOR YOU.



TOMMY ENLISTED IN THE U.S. ARMY AIR FORCE AND WAS SENT TO CALIFORNIA FOR TRAINING. THERE HE WON HIS SILVER WINGS AND GOLD BAR OF 2ND LIEUTENANT.

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS, LT. HARMON. YOU'RE TO TAKE OFF ON A SOUTH AMERICAN FLIGHT AT 8 A.M. TOMORROW.

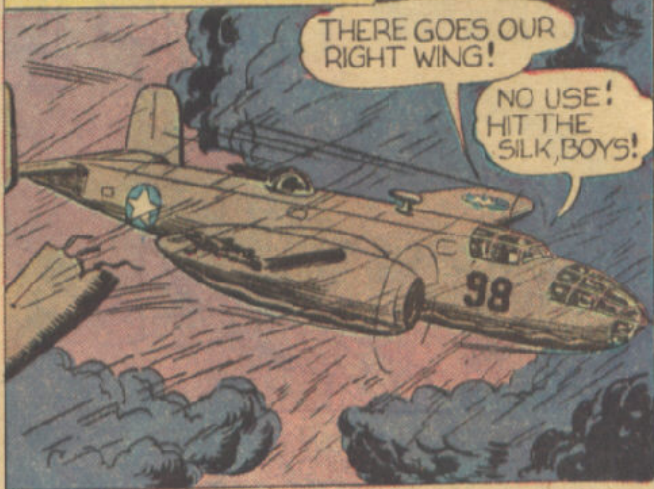
VERY GOOD, SIR.



IN A B-25, NO 98, YOUNG HARMON AND HIS CREW WINGED THEIR WAY DOWN SOUTH. PERFECT FLYING—UNTIL OVER THE AMAZON A VIOLENT TROPICAL STORM BROKE.

THERE GOES OUR RIGHT WING!

NO USE! HIT THE SILK, BOYS!



HARMON BAILED OUT AT 400 FT!

WHAT ABOUT YOU, TOMMY?

I SAID HIT THE SILK!... I'LL TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!



IT OPENED.... JUST IN TIME.. WHAT'S BELOW? IT LOOKS LIKE..



SWAMPS!... I'LL FOLLOW MY COMPASS DUE EAST TO THE OCEAN.... THAT'S MY ONLY CHANCE....



THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY...



I KNOW OUR SON IS ALIVE...

SURE HE IS, MOTHER

ON THE 5TH DAY...



THERE ISN'T A SIGN OF A HUMAN...AND MY RATIONS ARE NEARLY GONE...IT'S ALL UP WITH YOU, BOY.

BUT SUDDENLY...



A BROKEN BOTTLE... FOOTPRINTS... NOW I KNOW HOW ROBINSON CRUSOE FELT WHEN HE FOUND FRIDAY.

NOT FAR DOWN THE PATH...



THEY'RE NATIVES... NOW IF THEY SAVVY ME...

THE NATIVES' SAVVIED. HARMON WAS TAKEN TO A SETTLEMENT, AND A FEW HOURS LATER...



FLASH! HERE'S GOOD NEWS, FOLKS. LT. TOMMY HARMON, MISSING IN ACTION 5 DAYS, HAS BEEN FOUND IN THE SURMAN JUNGLE. THE YOUNG HERO PHONED A GREETING TO HIS FAMILY.

HARMON WENT TO NO. AFRICA AS A FIGHTER PILOT. HIS MISSIONS DONE THERE, HE THEN VOLUNTEERED IN HARD-PRESSED CHINA. HIS FIRST ACTION WAS A HONG-KONG RAID.



THERE'S ANOTHER- AND ANOTHER!

THAT'S 3 FOR YOU, TOMMY!

HARMON KEPT KNOCKING ZEROS OUT... THEN, ONE DAY...



YOUR ORDERS ARE TO DIVE-BOMB ATTACK KIUKIANG, ON THE YANGTZE RIVER... IT'S A DANGEROUS MISSION... GOOD LUCK, MEN.



BOY, WE SURE
SPLIT THEM
APART!

THE ATTACK WAS SUCCESSFUL....
BUT ON THE WAY BACK.



IT'S OUT OF CONTROL.....
JAP GUNS GOT US....
HIT THE SILK-AND
FAST!



MINUTES LATER....

I SAW AMERICAN
FLYER COME
DOWN HERE....

WE MAKE HIM
PRISONER.



WHEW! THAT WAS
CLOSE!.. THEY'RE
IN BACK OF THE
HILLS.... I'LL MAKE
A RUN FOR IT TO
THE WOODS.

FOR 32 DAYS HARMON WANDERED
IN WOODS AND HILLS.
FINALLY, AFTER MANY MORE
NARROW ESCAPES...



YOU AMERICAN...
WE FRIENDS....
CHINGA!

CHINESE!
AT LAST... I
THOUGHT I WAS
A GONER THIS
TIME FOR SURE.

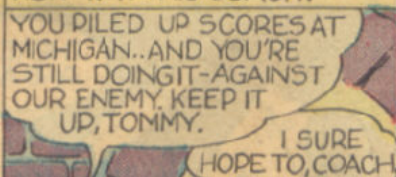
NOT EVERYONE DID!

"I'M BACK AT MY BASE,
FEELING FINE... READY
FOR ANOTHER CRACK
AT JAPS... TOMMY."



DIDN'T I SAY TOMMY
WOULD COME
THROUGH?

LATER, TOMMY WAS GIVEN A
BRIEF FURLOUGH, AND ON A
VISIT WITH HIS COACH.



YOU PILED UP SCORES AT
MICHIGAN... AND YOU'RE
STILL DOING IT-AGAINST
OUR ENEMY. KEEP IT
UP, TOMMY.

I SURE
HOPE TO, COACH.

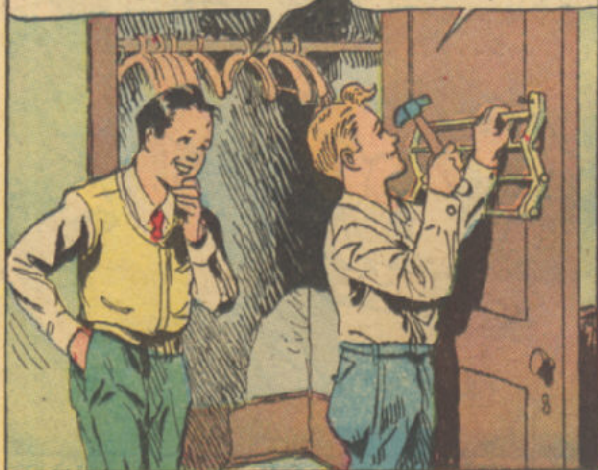
EDISON

BELL



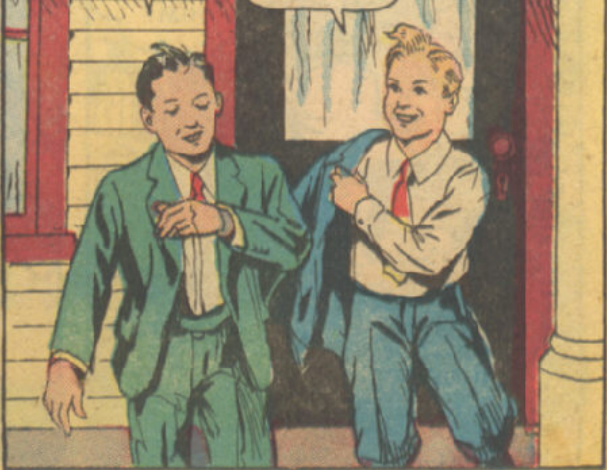
GOSH, EDDIE, YOUR CLOTHES CLOSET IS BEGINNING TO LOOK NIFTY! JUST LIKE AN AD OR SOMETHING!

WELL, THE MAIN IDEA IS TO MAKE CLOTHES AND SHOES LAST LONGER, JERRY!

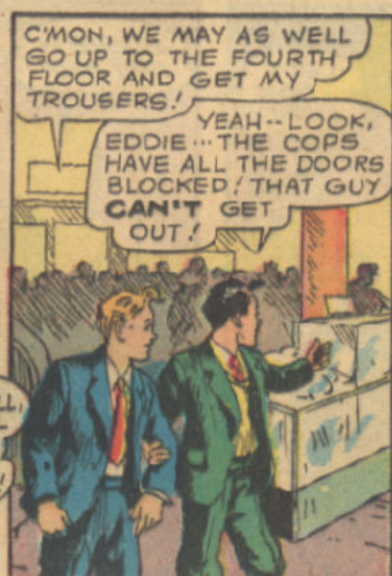
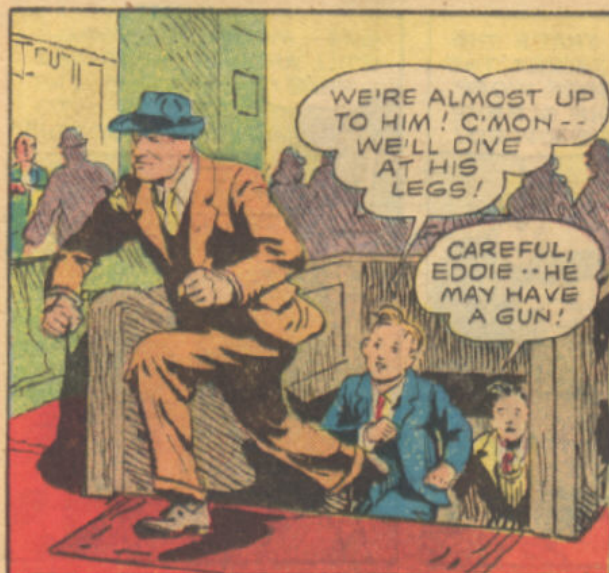


HEY, IT'S TWO O'CLOCK, EDDIE--AREN'T WE GOING?

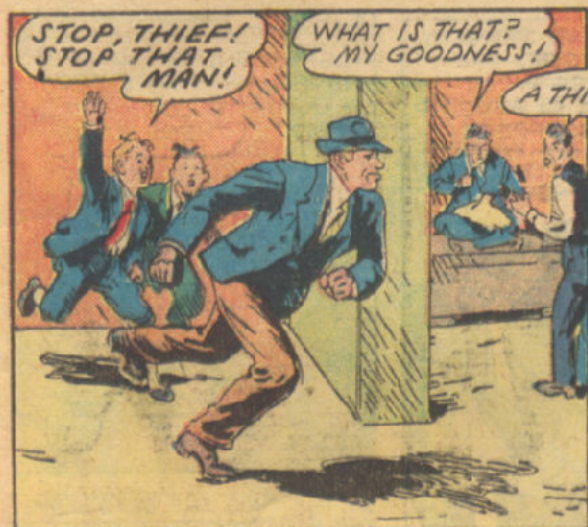
YOU BET! THIS IS THE DAY I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! GOSH--MY FIRST PAIR OF LONG PANTS!

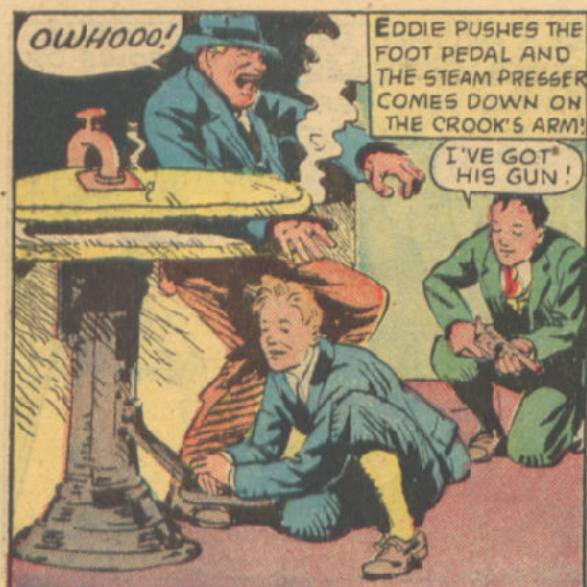








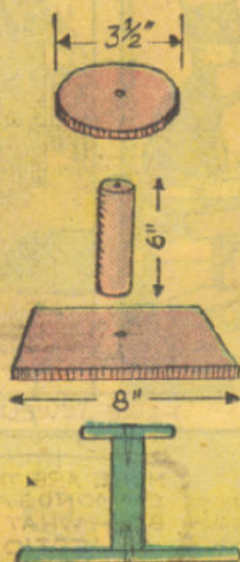




EDISON BELL'S CLOTHES CLOSET

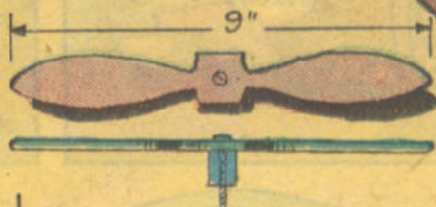
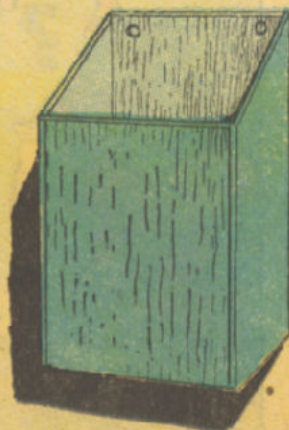
TO COOPERATE FOR VICTORY ON THE HOME FRONT, KEEP YOUR CLOTHING IN APPLEPIE ORDER! REMEMBER: "USE IT UP, WEAR IT OUT, MAKE IT DO—OR DO WITHOUT!"

HAT RACKS WILL KEEP YOUR HATS FREE FROM ACCUMULATING DUST ON SHELVES! USE SOFT PINE WOOD (ABOUT 4-PLY) AND BE SURE TO SAND THE CIRCULAR TOP SMOOTH AFTER CUTTING WITH BAND SAW.



THE SIZE OF YOUR SHOE RACKS WILL DEPEND ON THE SIZE OF YOUR CLOSET. BUT BY FOLLOWING DIAGRAMS AT LEFT, YOU CAN EASILY BUILD THIS ESSENTIAL CLOSET ITEM!

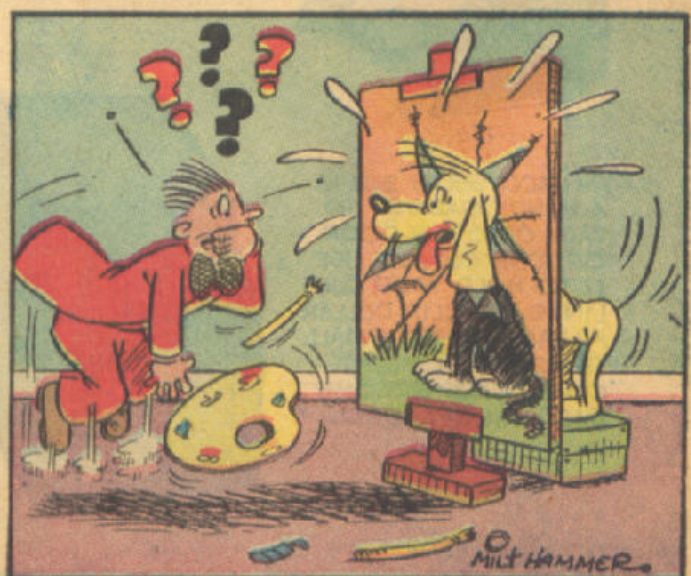
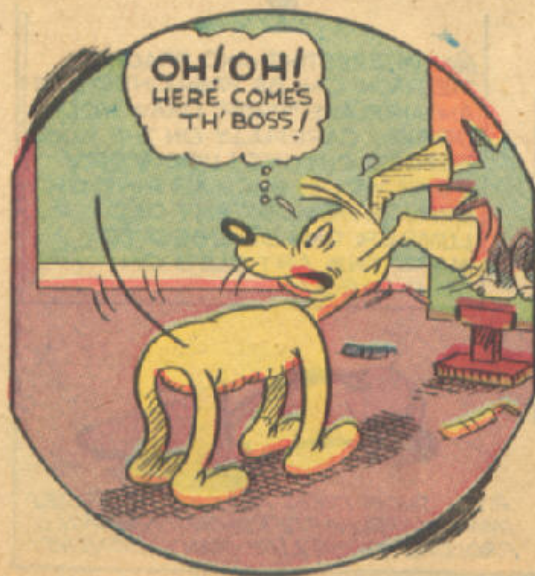
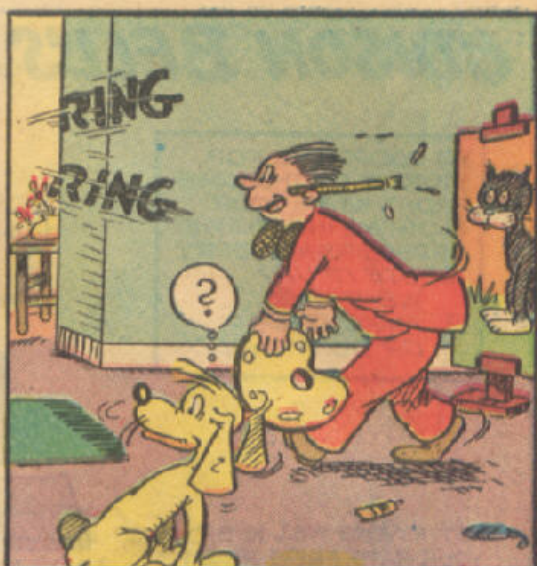
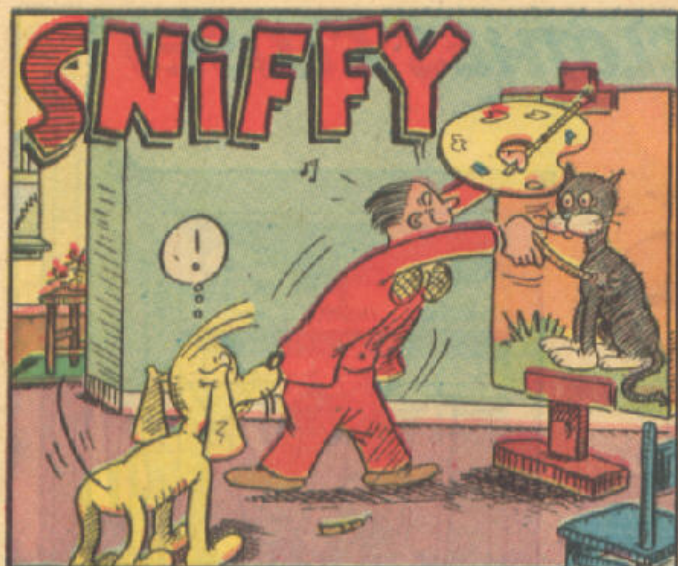
AN ACCESSORY BOX IS A HANDY GADGET TO TACK ONTO THE DOOR OF YOUR CLOSET. USE IT TO HOLD YOUR CUFF LINKS, TIE CLIP, COLLAR PIN, AND OTHER SMALL THINGS THAT MIGHT OTHERWISE BECOME EASILY MISPLACED.



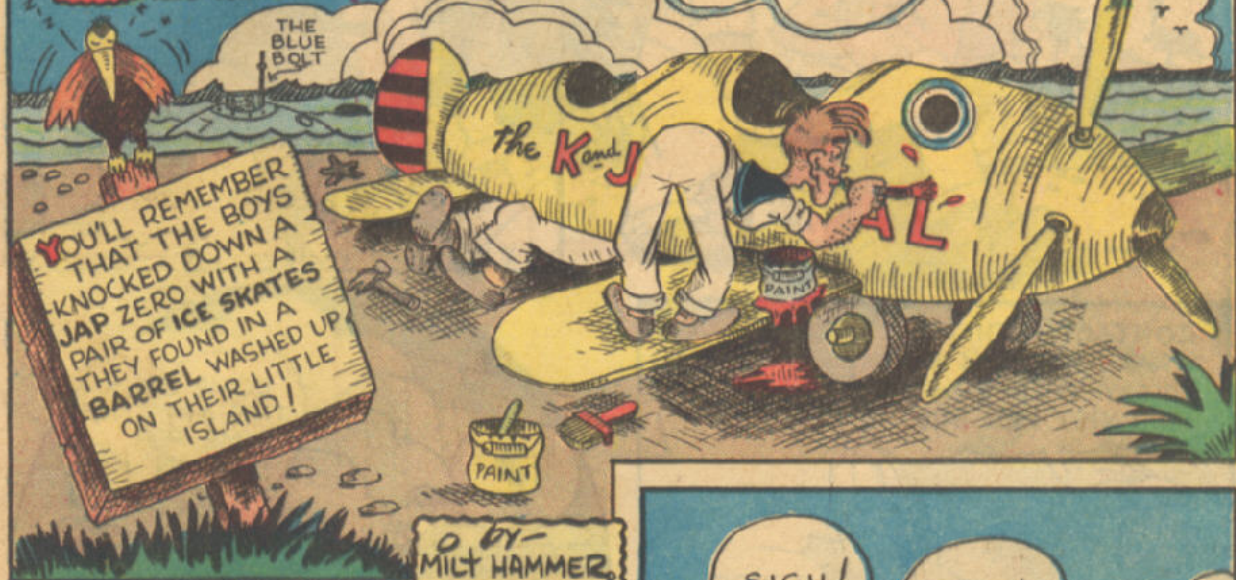
AN INTERESTING AND PRACTICAL TIE RACK CAN BE FASHIONED LIKE AN AIRPLANE "PROP." DRAW YOUR DESIGN CAREFULLY ON THE WOOD BEFORE CUTTING! USE **VERY** SOFT WOOD SUCH AS PINE OR SPRUCE. ALMOST ANY OLD LUMBER CAN BE USED TO MAKE THE ARTICLES ON THIS PAGE!



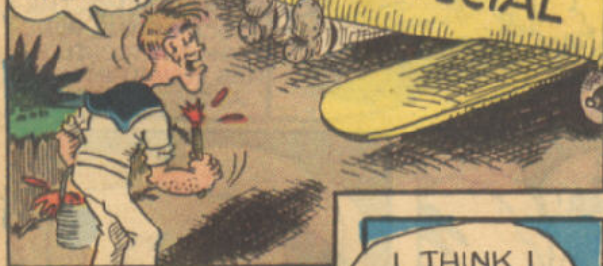
P.S. - SHOE TREES PLACED IN SHOES IMMEDIATELY AFTER WEARING WILL PROLONG THEIR LIFE MANY MONTHS!



KRISKO and JASPER

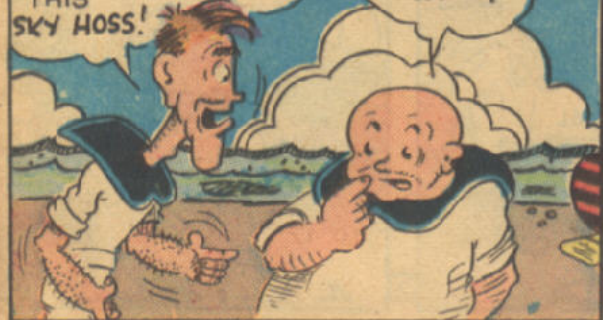


WELL THAT'S THAT—
COME OUT FROM
UNDER THAR 'N
GAZE UPON A
WORK OF ART—
KRISKO!



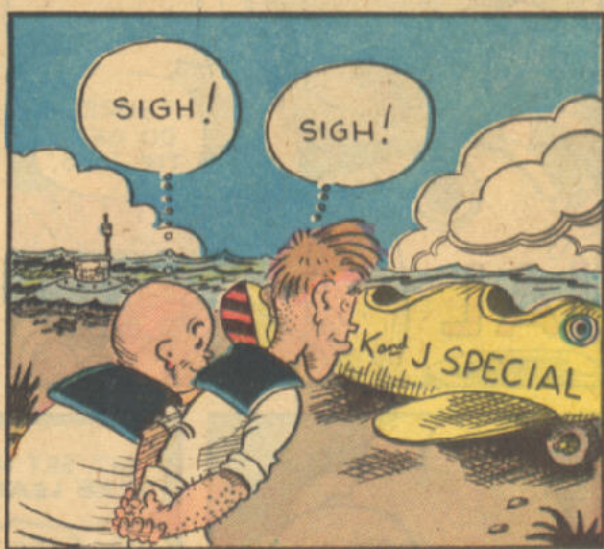
I THINK I
SEEN A
FLYIN' BOOK
IN TH' NIP
PLANE!

KRISKO—WE GOTTA
LEARN HOW TO FLY
THIS
SKY HOSS!



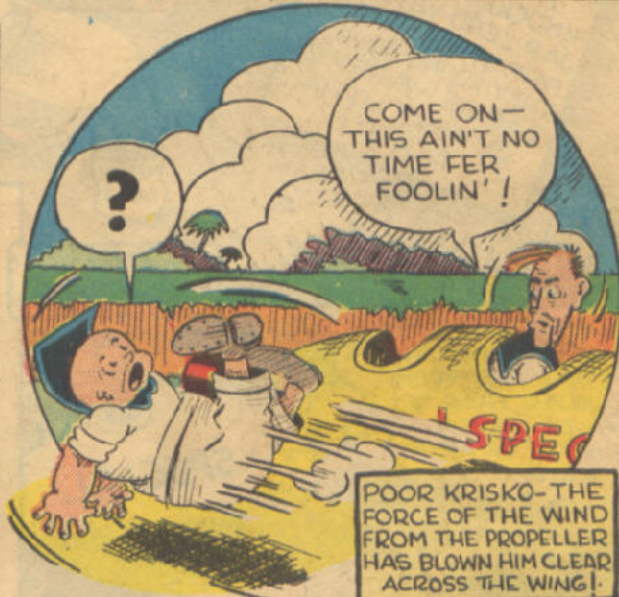
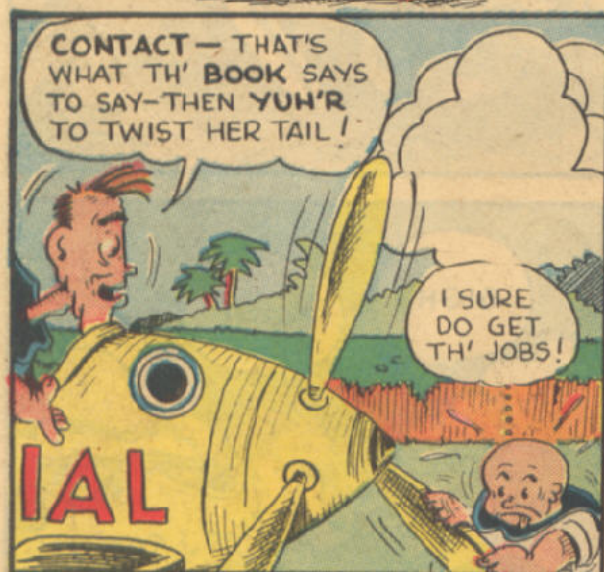
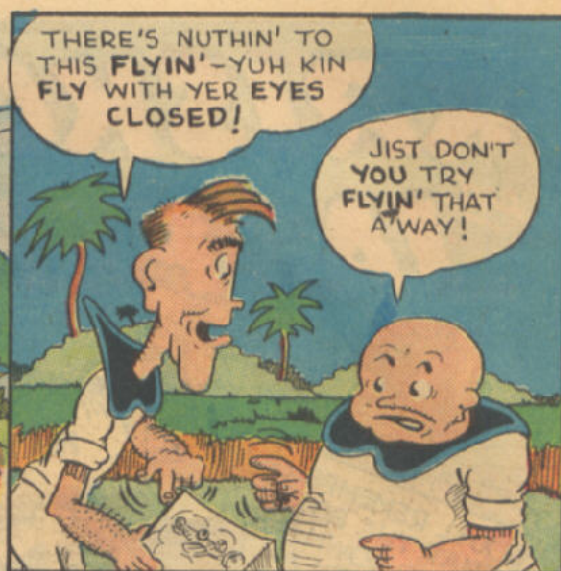
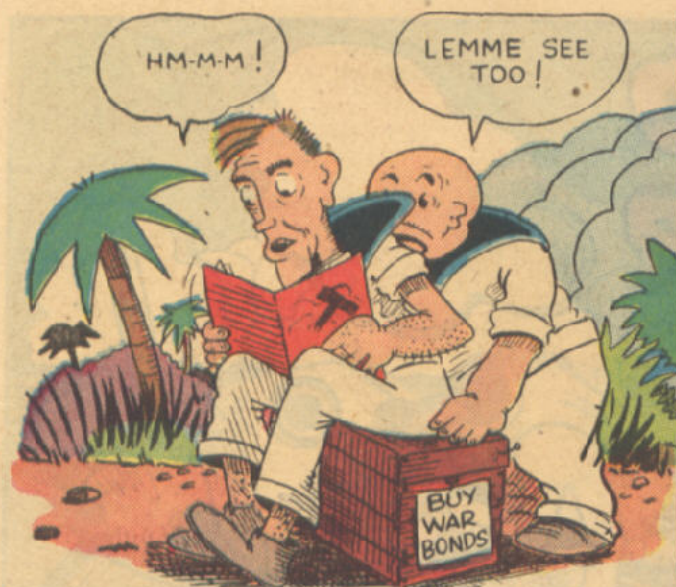
SIGH!

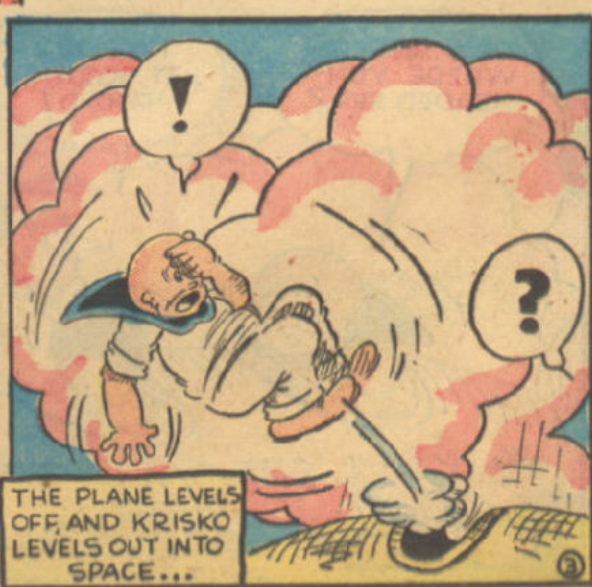
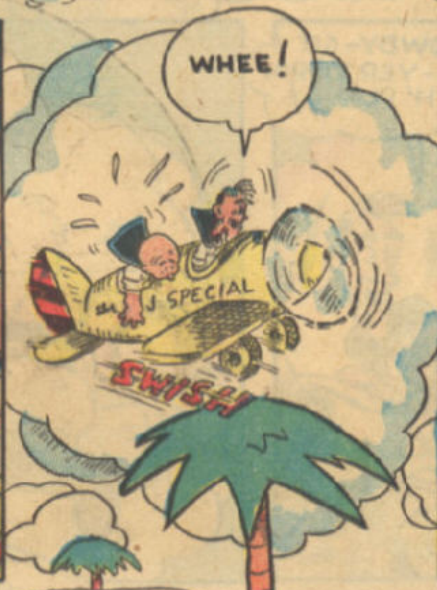
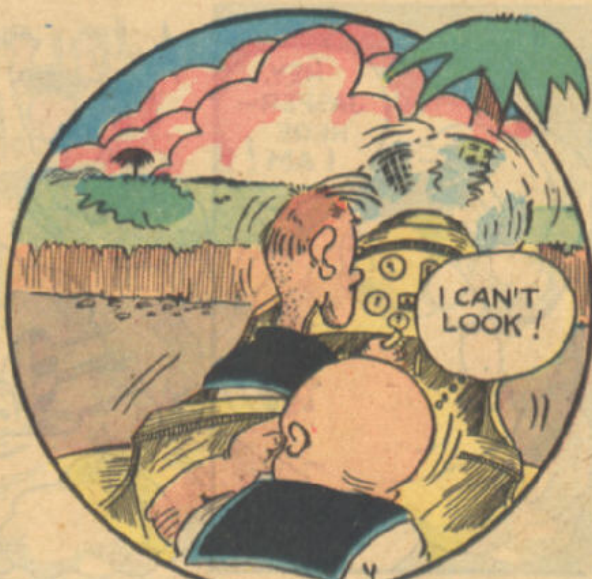
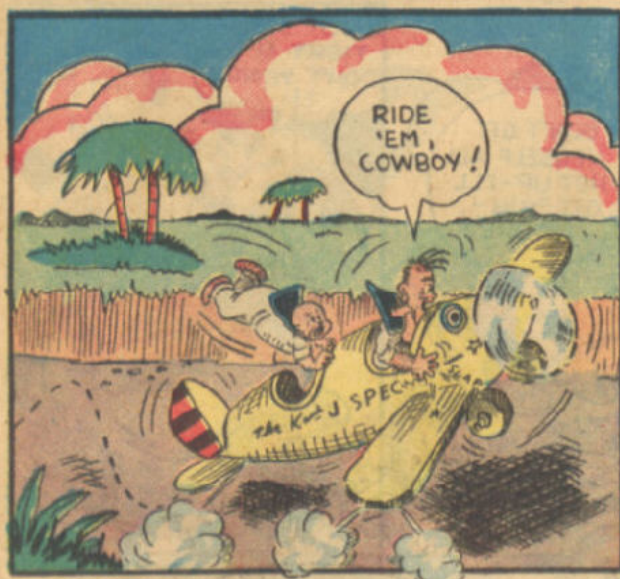
SIGH!

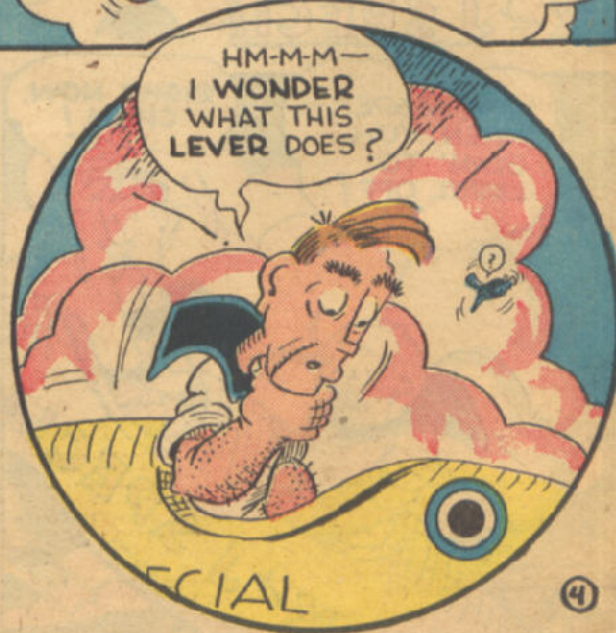
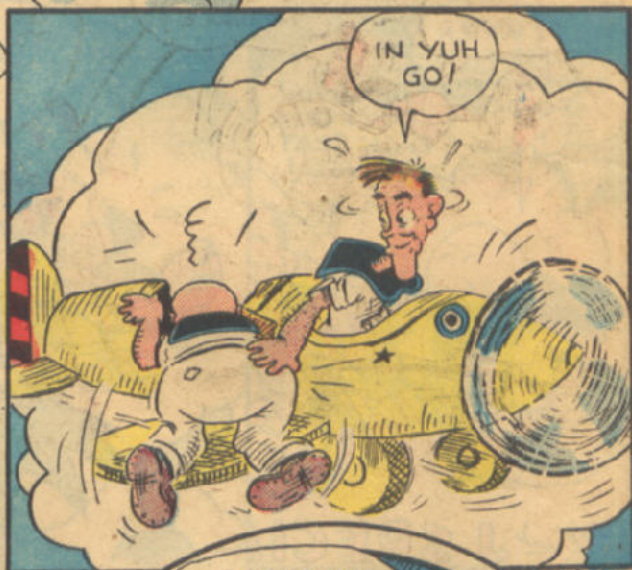
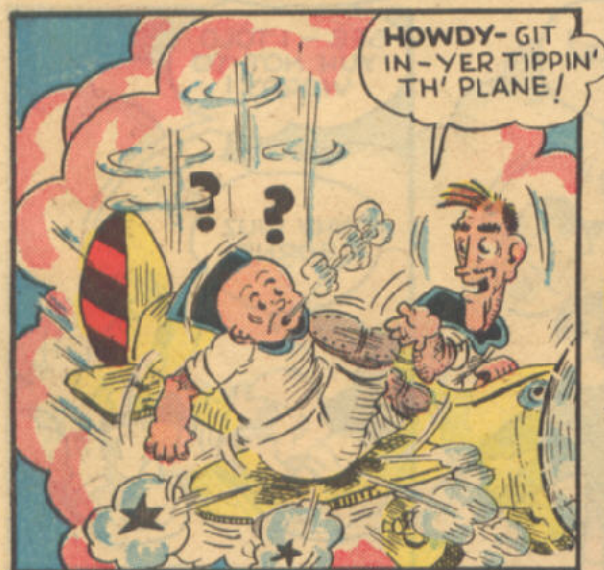
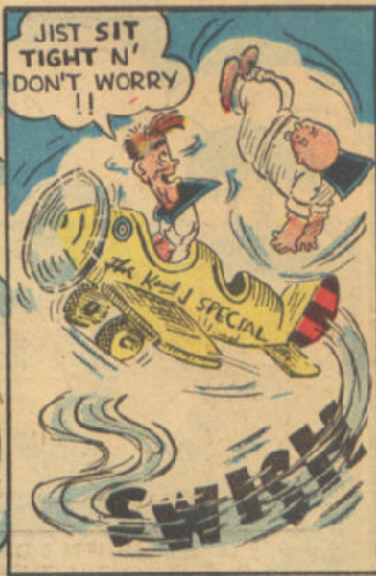


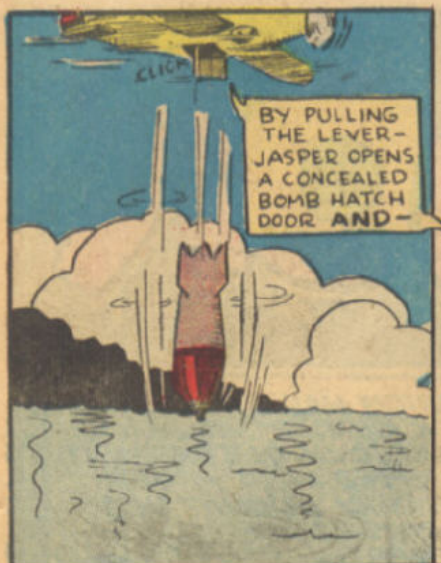
WELL WHAT'CHA STANDIN' 'ROUND
FER?—GO GIT IT—SO'S WE
KIN GIT STARTED!



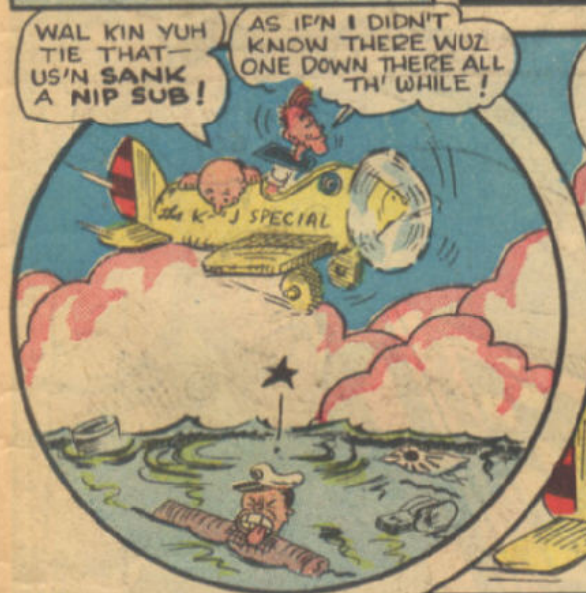
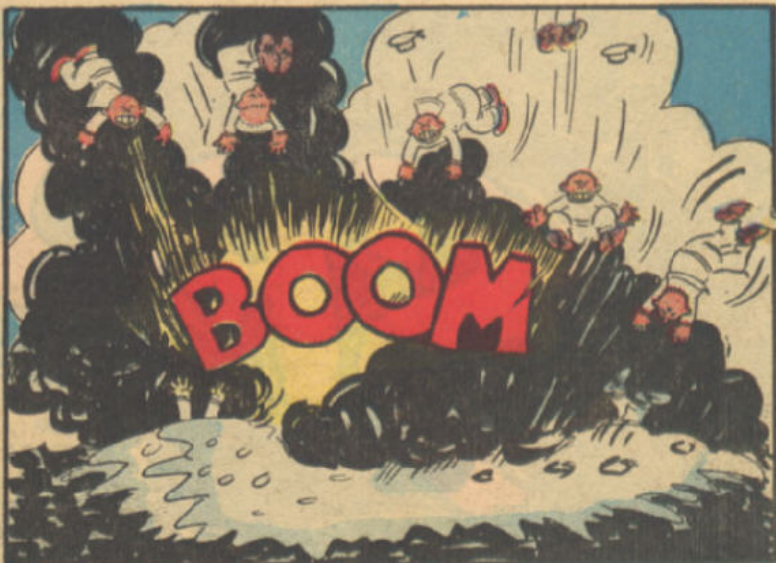








BY PULLING
THE LEVER—
JASPER
OPENS
A CONCEALED
BOMB HATCH
DOOR AND—



WAL KIN YUH
TIE THAT—
US'N SANK
A NIP SUB!

AS IF'N I DIDN'T
KNOW THERE WUZ
ONE DOWN THERE ALL
TH' WHILE!

HOW'S ABOUT
GOIN' BACK
TO TH' ISLAND
N' LAND—I'M
HUNGRY
!!

THAT'S
EXACTLY WHAT
WE'LL DO!



TWO HOURS
AGO YUH SAID
WE WUZ GOIN'
TO LAND—

THAT'S RIGHT
BUT I DON'T
THINK WE—
KIN—



WE CAN'T! I
THOUGHT YUH
READ UP ON
HOW TO FLY!

I DID
BUT—

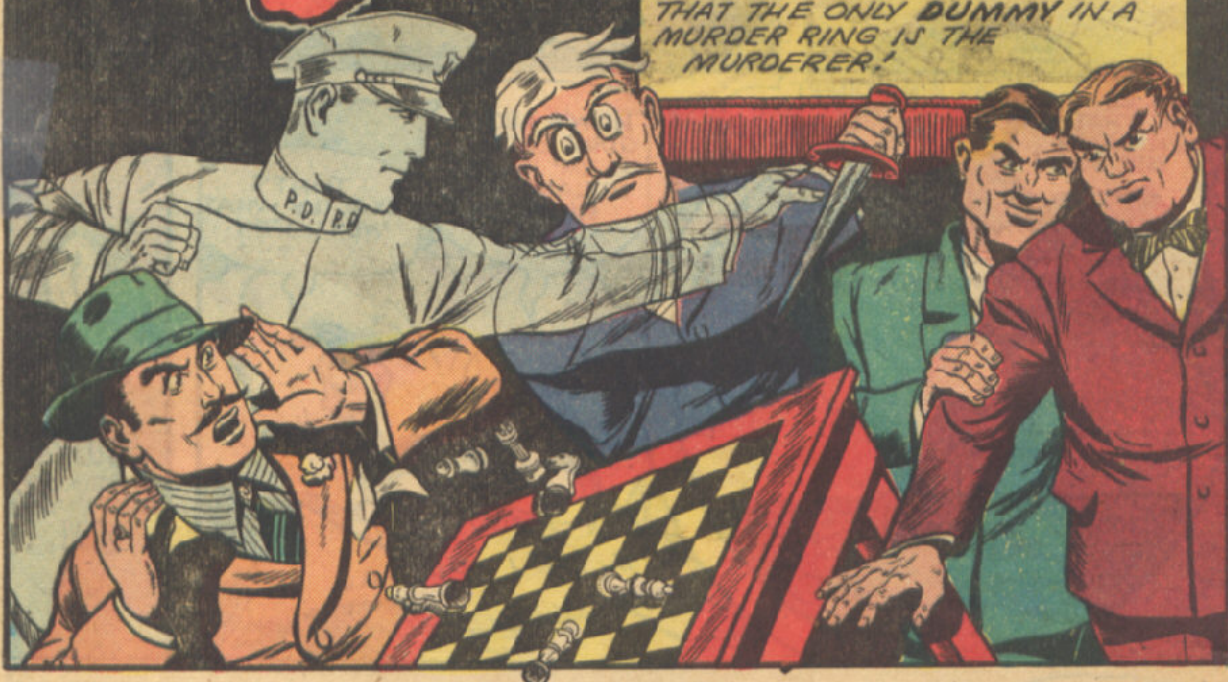


TH' PAGE ON HOW
TO LAND WUZ
WRITTEN ALL IN
JAP LINGO !!

HOW DO THEY LAND? SEE
NEXT ISSUE OF BLUEBOLT!!

Sergeant Spook

MIKE SPARTON HAD THE PERFECT SETUP FOR MURDER! AT LEAST, HE THOUGHT SO UNTIL SERGEANT SPOOK STEPPED IN TO PROVE THAT THE ONLY DUMMY IN A MURDER RING IS THE MURDERER!



JERRY WALKS ALONG THE "GAY WHITE WAY" - ONE EVENING ...

SHOOTING GALLERY
5 SHOT 10¢

A PENNY ARCADE -- GOLLY, THEY'VE GOT THOSE KEEN NEW TARGET PRACTICE MACHINES! I WANT TO TRY THAT!

MARVO
THE
Sensational
MECHANICAL
CHESS PLAYER

Challenges All Comers!

STEP INSIDE

CHESS PLAYER-- HUH! BET IT'S SOME KIND OF TRICK!

BOY, THIS IS GREAT! I'M A TAIL GUNNER IN A FLYING FORTRESS, AND WE'RE FIGHTING OUR WAY BACK FROM A RAID ON GERMANY!

RAT-TA-TAT
RAT-TA-TAT
TAT-RAT-TAT



JERRY'S GAME OF MAKE-BELIEVE IS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED!

HEY, YOU! STOP THAT RACKET!

HUH-- WHY? WHAT'S THE MATTER, MISTER?

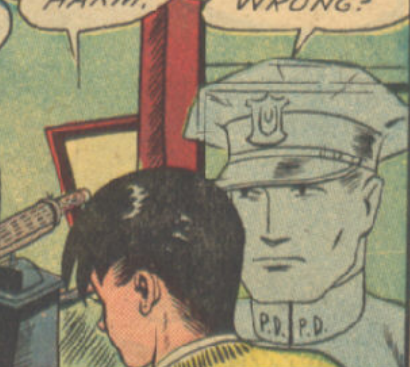
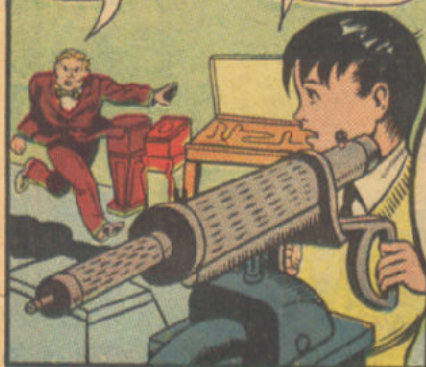
GET OUT AND STAY OUT-- NO KIDS UNDER SIXTEEN ARE ALLOWED IN HERE!

WELL, DON'T SHOVE -- I'LL GO! I DIDN'T KNOW...
HEY!

AS JERRY GLARES AFTER HIS BOUNCER, SERGEANT SPOOK APPEARS!

GOSH--I WASN'T DOIN' ANY HARM!

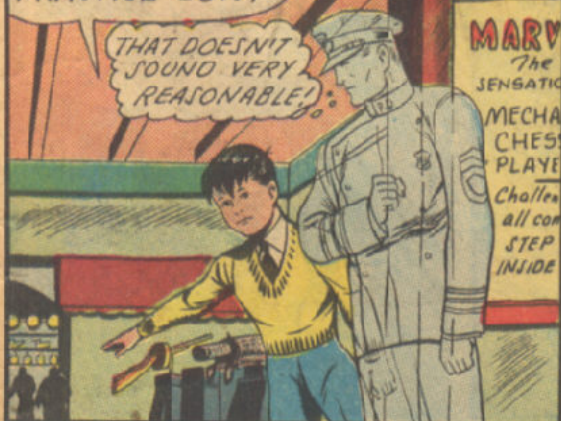
MY, JERRY, YOU DO LOOK MAD! WHAT'S WRONG?



SOME BIG LUG JUST TOSSED ME OUT OF THERE -- HE SAID I WAS TOO YOUNG TO PLAY IN THERE WITH THAT TARGET PRACTICE GUN!

THAT DOESN'T SOUND VERY REASONABLE!

MARY
The SENSATION
MECHANICAL
CHESS PLAYER
Challenges all comers
STEP INSIDE



WAIT HERE, JERRY-- I WANT TO LECTURE THAT GUY ON THE TREATMENT OF CHILDREN!

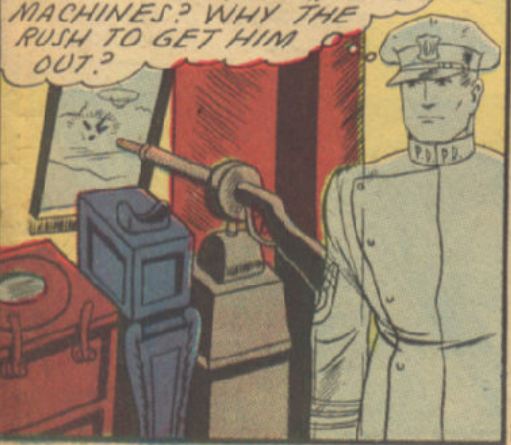
AW, DON'T BOTHER, SPOOK! IT ISN'T THAT IMPORTANT TO ME!



JERRY MAY NOT REALIZE IT, BUT THAT STORY HAS A FISHY RING TO ME! WHY SHOULDN'T HE PLAY WITH ANY OF THESE MACHINES? WHY THE RUSH TO GET HIM OUT?

WELL, I'LL BE ... THAT LOOKS LIKE MART FLAVIN, THE GAMBLER!

RIGHT ON TIME, MIKE! HAVE YOU GOT YOUR MONEY?



YOU BET, MART-- DANNY WILL HOLD OUR BETS FOR US!



AND I CAN HEAR VOICES FROM UP THERE NOW! THAT ONE SOUNDS LIKE THE MAN WHO THREW ME OUT!



MEANWHILE, IN THE ROOM ABOVE...

THERE, MR. MARVO! YOU'RE CHECKMATED AND BEATEN!

DON'T WORRY-- WE CAN'T LOSE!

HOW IN...?



HA! HA! I TOLD YOU, MIKE, THAT NO MACHINE COULD BEAT ME! OKAY, DANNY, LET'S HAVE THE STAKES!



A SUDDEN, UNEXPECTED MOVE BY THE MECHANICAL MAN AND A KNIFE IS THRUST DEEP INTO THE GAMBLER'S CHEST!

MARVO, THE MASTER MACHINE! NOT SUCH A DUMMY, EH, DANNY?

HOLY SMOKE-- MARVO'S STABBED HIM!



OKAY, DANNY, HURRY! WE'LL BURY HIM DOWN IN THE CELLAR!

BOSS, THIS MURDER IS THE BEST PAYIN' JOB I EVER HAD!

QUITE A PRETTY LITTLE SCHEME-- IF I LET THEM GET AWAY WITH IT!



I WONDER WHAT WILL HAPPEN AROUND HERE IF THE DEAD WERE SUDDENLY TO COME TO LIFE?

MIKE! HIS ARM-- IT'S MOVIN'! BUT, I KNOW HE'S DEAD!

ULP-- AW, IT'S NOTHIN'-- I GUESS!

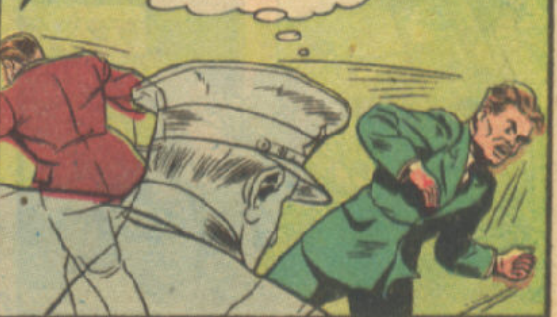


BUT, SPOOK DOES A THOROUGH JOB OF SCARING THE MURDERERS...

YIEE-- I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE!

ME, TOO!

MY, MY-- WHAT FEAR A GUILTY CONSCIENCE CAN AROUSE!



SERGEANT SPOOK RACES PAST THE DESPERATE, ESCAPING MEN.

HUH- I CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY THAT EASILY!

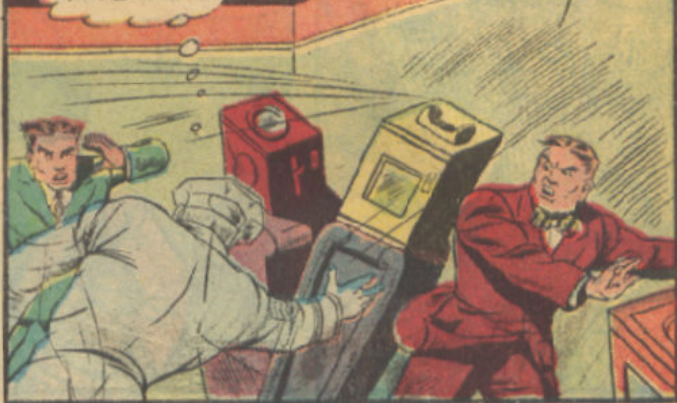
THIS PLACE IS HAUNTED-- I'M GETTIN' OUT! PUFF-PUFF!

I DON'T GET IT-- HOW COULD HE...



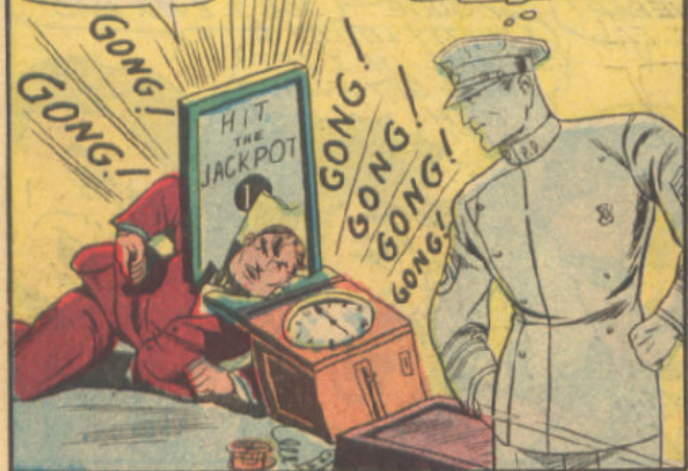
HERE, BOYS, DON'T FORGET YOUR SLOT MACHINES-- HOW WOULD YOU MAKE A LIVING WITHOUT THEM?

YEOW! SOMEONE'S THROWING THOSE MACHINES AT US!



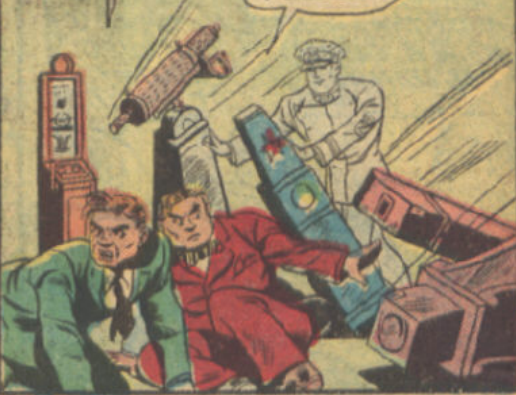
DANNY! DANNY, HELP ME!

HA-HA! SO MIKE FINALLY HIT THE JACKPOT!



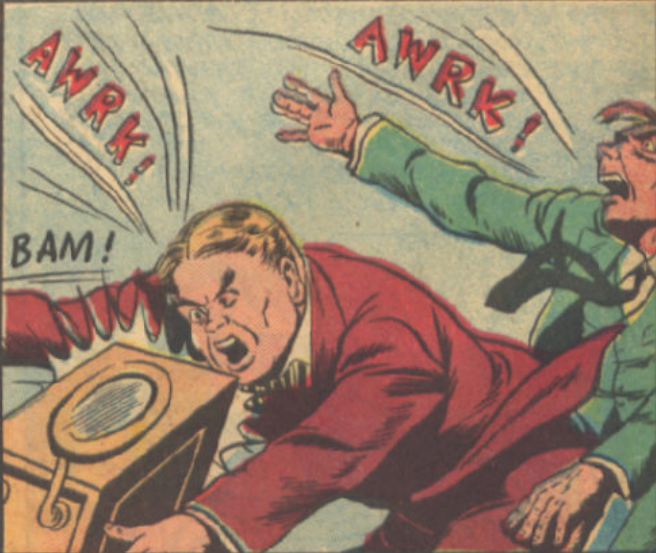
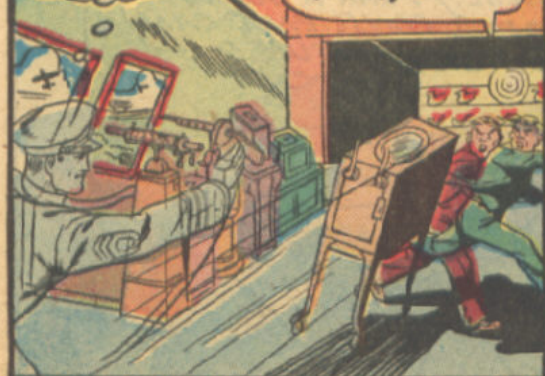
LOOK, MIKE! THOSE MACHINES-- THEY'RE CLOSIN' IN ON US!

I CAN'T SEE YOU, MART FLAVIN, BUT LEAVE US ALONE! PLEASE!



TUT-TUT! DON'T YOU FELLOWS KNOW THERE AREN'T ANY GHOSTS?

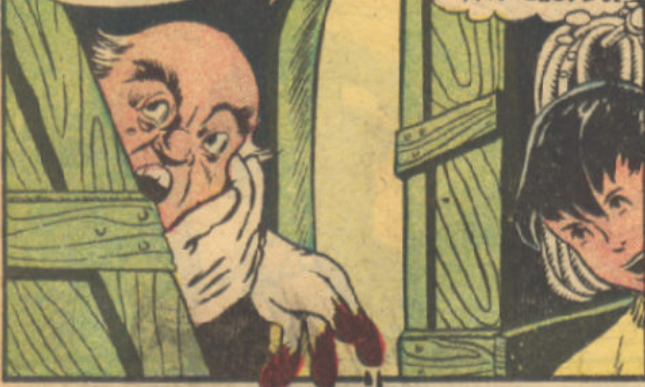
DUCK, BOSS-- MART'S SHOVIN' ANOTHER ONE AT US! CAN YOU SEE HIM, BOSS?



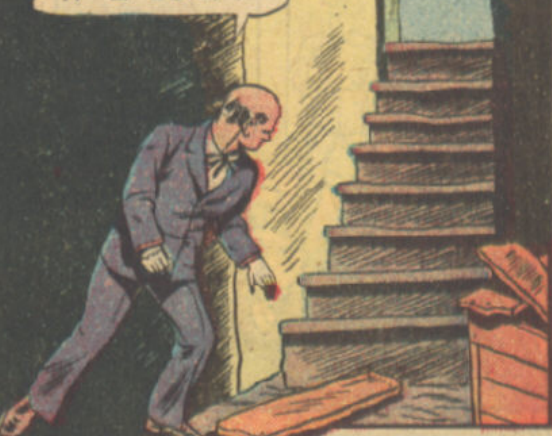
MEANWHILE IN THE CELLAR BELOW...

MY GOSH--FLAVIN'S GHOST IS UP THERE! HE'LL BE AFTER ME SOON! I GOTTA SCRAM!

HOLY GEE-- B-BLOOD ALL OVER HIS GLOVES!



BUT I AIN'T LEAVIN' WITHOUT THE "GRAND" MIKE OWES ME FOR THAT JOB! I SURE SWEATED OVER THE CHESS GAME EVEN IF I LOST!



GHOSTS-BLOOD!? HU-- SPOOK'S IN ON THIS SOME PLACE! I'LL JUST FOLLOW THAT GUY UPSTAIRS AND I'LL TAKE THIS ROPE ALONG IN CASE!



M-MIKE-- GIMME MY DOUGH! I'M GETTIN' OUT! C'MON, FORK OVER AN' MAKE IT FAST!



FLAVIN-- THAT'S THE GUY YOU WANT! HE'S THE ONE WHO KILLED YOU! GET HIM-- BUT PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE! OH--SO THAT'S THE FELLOW WHO HANDLED THE KNIFE!



WHY, YOU SNEAKIN'-- I SUPPOSE IT WAS MY IDEA TO KILL HIM IF THE GAME DIDN'T GO RIGHT!

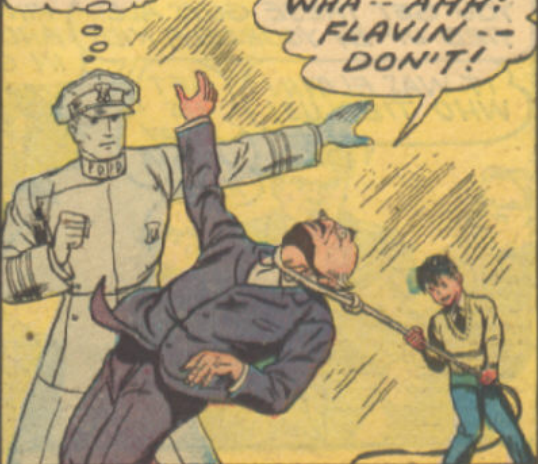
YUP-- HONOR AMONG THIEVES! OH, BOY-- THIS IS SOME PARTY!



SUDDENLY--

JERRY!

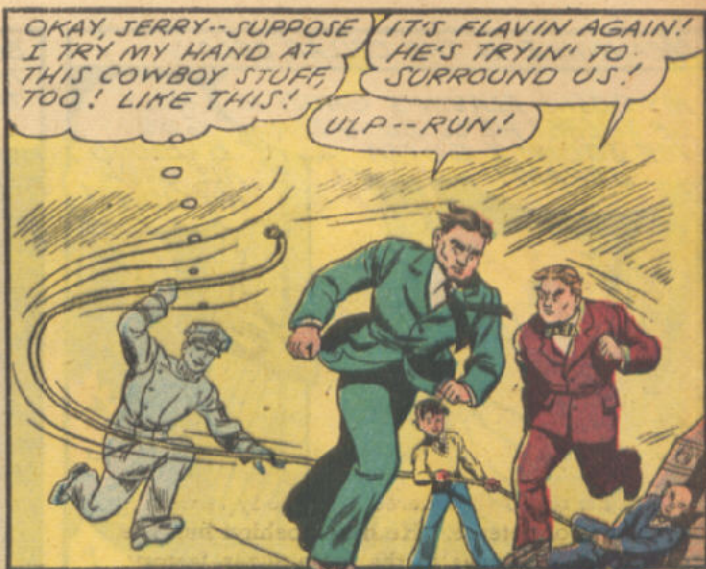
WHA-- AHH! FLAVIN-- DON'T!





THAT WAS A
PRETTY JOB
OF ROPING,
JERRY!

I THINK I'LL
NEED A LITTLE
HELP IN ROUND-
ING UP THOSE
OTHER TWO!



OKAY, JERRY--SUPPOSE
I TRY MY HAND AT
THIS COWBOY STUFF,
TOO! LIKE THIS!

IT'S FLAVIN AGAIN!
HE'S TRYIN' TO
SURROUND US!

ULP--RUN!



OKAY, JERRY...THEY DIDN'T
HAVE A CHANCE TO
GET AWAY! THINK I'LL
ATTACH MYSELF TO A
RODEO!

MIKE--H-HE'S
GOT US!!

THE COP
ON THE BEAT
IS COMING--
I CAN
SEE HIM!

SEEMS TO ME I
HEARD SOMEONE
YELLIN' AROUND...
OH, MY GOODNESS!!
LOOK AT THAT!
HEY--WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE?

WHAT'S THE IDEA --
WHO'S AFTER WHO?
AND WHY?

YOU'D BETTER
DO SOME EXPLAINING,
JERRY -- I'LL
COACH YOU IF YOU
GET STUCK!

HELLO, OFFICER--
GLAD YOU CAME!
THESE MEN
ARE
MURDERERS!



JERRY, WITH SPOOK'S AID, RELATES THE FACTS
TO THE ASTONISHED POLICEMAN!

YEAH-- BUT HOW DID
YOU GET THESE GUYS ALL
TIED UP BY YOURSELF, KID?

IT WAS FLAVIN
WHO TIED US!

GET
US
AWAY
FROM
HERE!

WELL, THEY GOT
KIND OF EXCITED
AND BEGAN BELIEVING
IN GHOSTS-- AND IT
WAS EASY AFTER
THAT!

LATER, AFTER THE LAW HAS
TAKEN OVER--

GOSH, SPOOK-- THEY REALLY
BELIEVE I CAPTURED
THEM SINGLE-
HANDED!

WELL, JERRY,
YOU WILL ADMIT
THAT YOUR STORY
SOUNDED BETTER
THAN MIKE'S TALE
OF GHOSTS!

THE END..

Killer of the Kilns

BUD MORLEY stopped abruptly. A feeling of the nearness of danger gripped him now as it had on previous nights. Instinctively his broad-shouldered, lithe body tensed in a posture of defense. He heard behind him the clamor of machines in the main sugar factory. It was like some mad orchestration.

He glanced about the brick-walled kiln-room. The steel-jacketed sides of the two churn-shaped kilns extended up into the darkness like the black-booted legs of a giant. Dust-dimmed-light bulbs lurked in deep shadows.

Overhead a drive shaft droned softly.

Bud jumped as an oil-can crashed into the concrete floor beside him. He whirled, looked up quickly. A ladder was tipping backward from the wall. On top of the ladder Tom Cameron, Bud's oiling partner, clutched frantically at the retreating drive shaft. Then Tom toppled downward, one leg thrusting between the middle rungs. Bud, paralyzed a moment by the amazing thing he saw, leaped too late to steady the ladder. It smashed against his shoulder, knocked him sprawling.

Bud pulled Cameron to his feet. The oiler struggled for breath. He grinned wryly as he touched a skinned knee.

"Pretty lucky we're not hurt," he growled, and added, shaking his head: "I can't understand what threw that ladder off balance. I'd swear it was set firmly against the wall."

"The same thing caused the ladder to fall that made that whirling oil-drain pan nearly cut off the hoistman's head. The same thing that caused Mike Zarski to slip from the catwalk into the pulp pit. The thing that puts grease on catwalks, leaves round bars on the kiln landings, and shoves men into whirling machinery. And" — Bud looked sharply at his friend — "I don't mean what you're thinking—carelessness."

"What do you mean?" Tom asked.

"I mean," said Bud, "that I saw a stick being pushed against your ladder through that pipe-hole in the partition wall!"

"No"—Tom gulped—"you can't mean that!"

"I'm going to see the superintendent, McCharles," Bud said. "Karns, the kiln foreman, thinks I'm crazy."

Tom frowned. "It does sound a little far-fetched, Bud. But if you saw it— Say, we better watch our step if some crazy killer's loose in the kiln-room." Tom shuddered. "This sure is a spooky place, all right."

BUD found the super on the first kiln landing. McCharles was a quiet man with a firm, square chin.

"What's on your mind, Morley? More demons on the catwalks?"

Bud looked away, but, encouraged by McCharles' quick smile, he expressed his opinion.

"These—accidents—sir," he said. "I still think someone is deliberately trying to slow down this plant's war production by frightening and injuring plant personnel."

"Sounds fantastic, son!" McCharles looked steadily at Bud. "Any new development to bolster your supposition?"

Bud was explaining about the ladder episode when bull-necked Karns, the kiln foreman, appeared beside them.

Karns' dark face scowled. He snorted disbelief.

"You sure have an imagination, kid—thinkin' up all that screwy stuff." The foreman grinned knowingly at the super. "It's like I told you this morning, McCharles. The kiln-room crew's gettin' jittery since the kid here got scared and spread this cock-and-bull story about some maniac on the loose. The crew's nervous and careless. Careless men have accidents around moving machinery."

"Sounds logical," agreed the super. He studied Bud a moment. "Better soft-pedal this scare talk, Morley. It's not helping morale. We're trying to fill a rush order of sugar for the army. Panic certainly won't help production. See me if anything definite turns up. Otherwise, keep your lip buttoned."

THE super started inspecting the kiln port fires. Karns sneered at Morley.

"Listen, you smart kid—why don't you pull out of here and hunt another job? You might be the next one to get hurt."

Bud pondered over Karns' warning and wondered if he should stay around. He didn't want trouble with Karns or the person causing these accidents. An accident might happen to him along the dark catwalks some night. Or Karns could frame him in some way—drain a bearing and cause it to burn out, and then fire him for carelessness.

But with the army needing supplies, he knew he would stick as long as McCharles wanted him.

On his first round of oiling, Bud investigated the opposite side of the partition where he had seen the stick being withdrawn. There were fresh tracks in the dust on some boards opposite the hole, and wood splinters in the jagged hole itself.

A noise caused Bud to whirl about. Deep in the shadows a dim form was edging away. He saw a man's bulk duck behind a sugar boiler. Bud circled the boiler, but the man had slipped down a ladder and out a side door. No chance to catch anyone outside among the side-tracked molasses cars. Whoever was watching him certainly did not want to be seen.

Several times during the next few hours Bud felt he was being followed. He was not frightened, but in view of what seemed to be going on, it was disconcerting. His job was dangerous enough as it was.

ABOUT midnight he had to cross the dark roof of a building next to the higher kiln-room. The roof was covered with chimneys, which resembled tombstones in the murky night.

He took a few steps toward the pulley bearing, which needed oiling. Then, aware of movement near him and the crunch of footsteps, he froze.

Against the bright city lights, Bud saw the dark silhouette of a man. The figure crouched below the waist-high wall at the roof's edge.

Bud reached for the wrench in his hip pocket. He hesitated, wondering what to do. There were bearings across the roof that needed oiling. If he went for help the crew would laugh at him, as Karns had. He gripped the wrench and started slowly across the shadowy roof.

At the opposite edge he looked down. The huge piles of lime rock were like snowy peaks in the glare of headlights. The rock men working with the push-cars were like toys. At the far end of a high catwalk belt, pulp trickled into the massive pit. The sour smell of the pulp polluted the night air.

TOO late he heard the slithering noise behind him. A blow landed on the back of his neck.

He staggered forward against the wall, hung like a sack, trying to brace his rubbery legs. He twisted about and saw the gloating face of the kiln foreman, Karns!

Bud swung the wrench, heard it thud against Karns' bulging shoulder. The foreman grunted

and struck back. The wrench flew from Bud's hand, clattered onto the gravel-topped roof.

Karns charged, forcing Bud's lighter weight backward. His left arm gripped the brick ledge as he struggled to brace his body against the momentum that could carry him off the roof.

Desperately he drove trip-hammer blows against Karns' body. He felt the foreman's breath hot on his face, heard the strangling sobs of his own breathing as he strained to break the big man's grip on his arm.

Bud felt himself being lifted and shoved over the wall. He grabbed Karns' throat and for one long moment hung over the ledge. He saw the lights gleaming on the car tracks below.

Bud tried to cry out, but no sound came from his dry lips. He was scared, but his grip on Karns' throat did not slacken. The foreman was strangling, his strength lessening. Bud twisted his own body, braced his legs and shoved Karns backward. Suddenly Karns collapsed. Bud let go of him, his own body exhausted.

HE HEARD voices, vaguely saw an approaching light. McCharles came up, heading a small party of men. A plant guard handcuffed Karns and yanked him to his feet when the foreman started to curse and thrash about.

Later, McCharles called Bud to his office. "I've a proposition to make to you, Morley." He grinned. "But first about Karns. The F. B. I. checked up and found him in the pay of an enemy agent, who planned to organize others to sabotage American industry by fear and murder camouflaged as industrial accidents. Karns jumped the gun, tipping us off, and his co-workers are being rounded up all over the country."

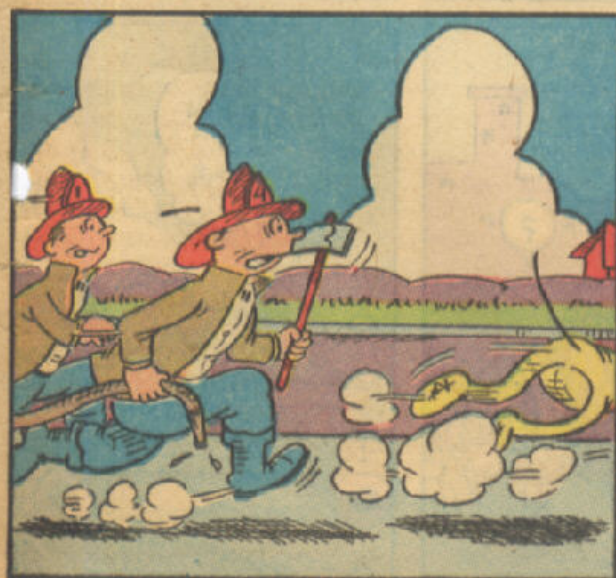
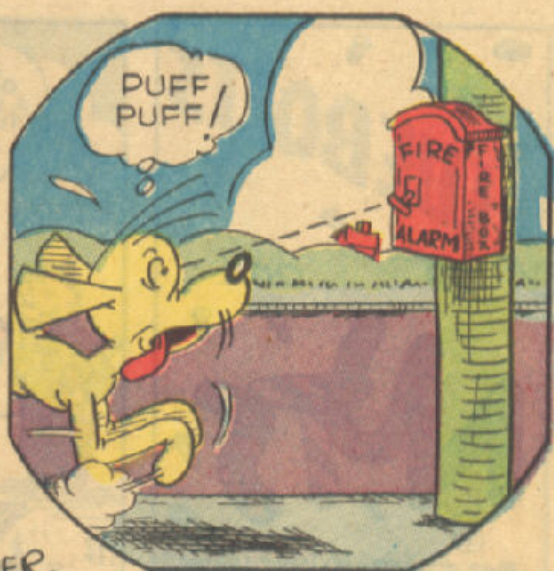
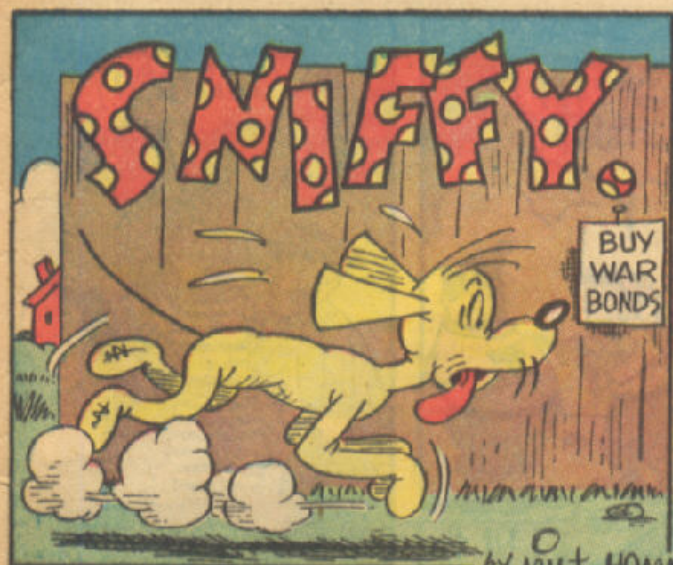
Bud stared. "And I thought it was the work of some local crackpot," he said.

"You were partly right, Morley. Karns has been held several times in the past for observation of his mentality." McCharles appraised Bud's trim body. "Looks like the navy will get a fighter when they call you later on—and a good machinist, too. Already you've been of considerable service to your fellow workers and your country."

McCharles smiled. "Since Karns is leaving us, how would you like to boss the kiln crew, Morley? The job is yours if you want it, and it'll be open to you when you come back, if you have nothing better lined up."

Bud took McCharles' offered hand. "I'll take that job, McCharles. And thanks a lot."

THE END



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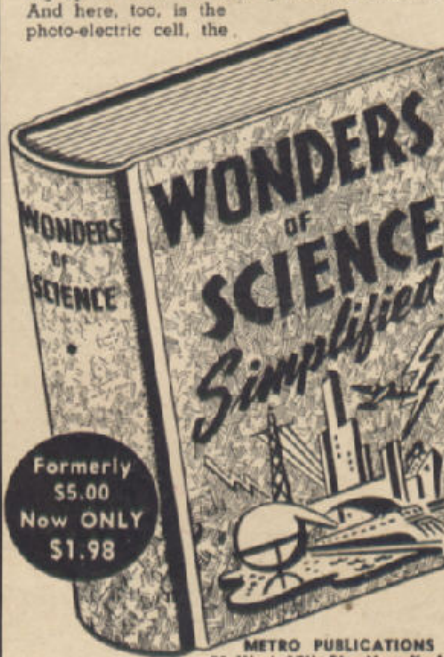
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I'LL TAKE THAT LITTLE CANNON, KID!

HOOTIN' ZOOTIS! STEALING A TOY FROM A BABY!

WHEN ROLLO TOOTS FOR TOOTSIE, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE COMES A-RUNNING!

...THEN HE SNATCHED THE TOY AND BOOM!

FROM YOUR DESCRIPTION, ROLLO, IT MUST HAVE BEEN DR. NARSTY I WONDER WHAT HE WANTED WITH THAT TOY CANNON?

TOOTSEE!

BAWW!

IN DR. NARSTY'S LABORATORY...

HEH... HEH... THIS CANNON WILL BE THE END OF CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

HA, HA, HO, HO, HO! TRYING TO HURT ME WITH A CORK BULLET! HA, HO!

THIS WILL BE YOUR LAST LAUGH, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

????

POP

WHZZZZZ

LATER...

BUT ROLLO AND THE SECRET LEGION CAME TO THE RESCUE!

UGH! FLOOF! BLURPF!

HEH, HEH, YOU'LL GET WEAKER AND WEAKER, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE! BECAUSE WITH THAT CORK IN YOUR MOUTH, YOU CAN'T EAT TOOTSIE ROLLS FOR ENERGY!

POP!

THANKS, PALS!

CURSES! I MUST FLEE!

NOT SO FAST, DR. NARSTY! I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO PRISON AGAIN!

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